TOLEDO
WEEKLY
BLADE
NEWS, LITERATURE, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

VOL. XXXVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1871 NO. 50

Poetry.

THE CROWN OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

Oh, might I load my arms with thee,
 Like that young lover of Romance,
Who loved and gained so gloriously
 The fair Princess of France!

Because he dared to love so high,
 He, bearing her dear weight must speed
To where the mountains touched the sky;
 Go the proud King decreed.

Unhalting he must bear her on.
 Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won;
 And she was won in death!

Red the far summit flames with morn.
 While in the plain a glistening Court
Surrounds the King who practiced scorn
 Through such a mask of sport.

She leans into his arm; she lets
 Her lovely shape be clasped; he fares,
God speed him whole! the knights make bets;
 The ladies lift soft prayers.

Oh, have you seen the deer at chase?
 Oh, have you seen the wounded kite?
So boundingly he runs the race,
 So wavering grows his flight.

"My lover! linger here and slake
 Thy thirst, or me thou wilt not win."
"See'st thou the tumbled heavens? they break!
 They beckon us up and in."

"Ah, hero-love! unloose thy hold;
 Oh, drop me like a cursed thing."
"See'st thou the crowded swards of gold?
 They wave to us Rose and Ring."

"O death-white mouth? O cast me down!
 Thou diest? Then with thee I die."
"See'st thou the angels with a Crown?
 We twain have reached the sky."

Selected Story.

The Luck of Roaring Camp.

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

There was a commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's Grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiration of her sin, at the moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

"It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentucky," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other claims had been the putative head of two families; in fact it was owing to some legal formality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay,—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociably to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of fire, rose a sharp querulous cry,—a cry unlike anything before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man!

It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better councils prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or to some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to the fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle box was placed, and with it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency, "Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on: he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible, criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy in the character of showman,—"Is that him?" "mighty small specimen;" "hasn't more'n got the color;" "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco box; a doubloon, a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler;) a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw the pin and went two diamonds better;") a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected;) a golden spur; a silver tea spoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's;) a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the new born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and in a spasm of pain caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d—d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the patient watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night.—Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto, his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment and Kentuck had the weakness of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked to the gulch past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large red-wood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river's bank he again paused and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it,—the d—d little cuss," he said and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog,—a distance of forty miles,—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any of the other kind." This allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety,—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got,—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills,—d—m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for maternal deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorous. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparant. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote" (an illusion to his vocal powers,) and even by Kentucky's endearing diminutive of "the d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. Luck was the name agreed upon with a prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck and start him fair." A day was accordingly set aside for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occassion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious artist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man stoutly, eying the faces around him; "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And if there's to be any godfathers around, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. Tommy was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck" as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how the Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the changes, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of a frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay,—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from the ablutions. Nor were moral and sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from her Majesty's Australian colonies was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song,—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end,—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There on a blanket spread over pine boughs he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairy-land had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy, albeit there was an infantile gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral,"—a hedge of tesselated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed,—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn,t a talking to a jaybird as was a sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a jawin at each other just like two cherry bums.' Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall red woods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times,"—and the luck was with them. The claims yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman,—their only connecting link with the surrounding world,—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day, but they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck,"—who perhaps might profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession of the sex cost these men who were fiercely sceptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierra, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done, to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one.—Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a taking me with him,—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now," and the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

◆

It has been demonstrated that a barber cannot successfully shave a customer and look at a pretty girl who is passing his shop at the same time. A Chicago barber tried it, and the result was his customer's right ear was reduced to a total wreck.

Miscellany.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

How the Laundrymen of Belleville Celebrate It—Mixed Mythology—Proofs of a Barbarous Nature.

From the Sunday World.

The Chinese New Year's day comes on what is the 18th of February according to Christian computation, and this year our celestial friends, both in their own flowery kingdom and in our country, celebrated, what they reckon, the 4319th anniversary. It is their greatest festival, a sort of combined New Years, Christmas and Fourth of July, and its rites are not neglected even by the few of them scattered here and there in this land of the barbarian, but observed with the utmost practicable care in all respects. There are eighty-one of the Al-almond eyed, sleek, sepia-tinted gentlemen in the employ of Captain J. B. Hervey, in his laundry at Belleville, N. J., and so large a colony of them could not pass over this great occasion without the fullest possible elaboration of their national customs. On Friday they made their preparations. Placards of paper, tinted orange red, flecked with gold and inscribed with a New Year's motto of welcome, were pasted on the outer doors. Tables laden with preserved and fresh fruits, and various preparations of rice, beans, and macaroni were set in each of their twenty rooms, and in their large dining hall a structure approximating in purpose and effect to altar was reared.

That altar was a curiosity in itself. On the wall was tacked a very large Chinese picture of a group of three fat persons, gorgeous in colors and gold, a piece of wonderfully elaborate art in illumination. It was not intended to represent individuals of the Chinese mythology, but was rather an apotheosis of adipose tissue. The end and aim of Chinese art seems to be glorification of obesity, and if by any chance a Celestial artist portrays a lean person, that picture is at once understood, without any corroborative testimony of horns, hoof, or tail, as signifying "a demon." Charley Ming, the interpreter, has without doubt, the most honorable intentions in his struggles with the English language, but his execution thereof is something fearful and wonderful. It was, therefore, with some difficulty that he was understood to explain that the principal or central figure in the picture was some great Chinese General, possessed of a multiplicity of names, being variously known as Kwan-Ye, Kwan-Wan-Chang and Kwan-Koan. Particulars about the achievements of this wonderful General were confined to the glittering generalites: "All same king, empress, great general—can't tell you now. Vely big man. Hove two thiee name. Vely big. Chineeman all know him; Chineeman all love him. He save Chineeman ccuntlee." One of the figures in the background was described as: "His son. He likee he fathee very muchee in old time."

In respect to the third the cloud of uncertainty becomes still darker: "Him vely gleat man. General he likee him vely muchee. He his waiter; go where be scnde him." "Ah! aid-de camp, you mean, no doubt?" "Yes, yes, muchee—him what you callee." "Or *valet de chambre*, perhaps?" "Yes, all same; he vely gleat man." So what part that very great man did actually play on the world's stage, is shrouded in mystery. Each side of this highly colored group, which a little distance appears to be a happy combination of a kaleidoscope and a comic valentine, is flanked by long strips of paper similar to those on the door, bearing large Chinese characters thereon and looking like sections of glorified tea chests. Ming did not seem willing to risk himself in the deep water of a translation of these mottoes, but was contented to cover the ground by the collective endorsement: 'All good words; very good words.'

Arranged on two tables, on one nearest the wall the highest by several inches, directly beneath the strange picture were a variety of articles which seemed to be offerings to the shades of the departed great mysterious ones. There were four large plates of preserved Chinese fruits and sweetmeats, half a dozen tiny little cups of whiskey, one large cup of tea, five pair of chop-sticks, a large plate of apples, and another of oranges, half a dozen bowls of strange devices of glutinous materials "file," which was discovered to mean "fried," by their gifted cook, a stack of large sheets of coarse paper, each with a square film of copper, silver, or gold in its centre, called "church-money," which they burn, it is understood, in the happy hallucination that thereby they are staking impecunious friends in the land of ghosts who may be dependent upon them, a pot of earth with long slender red sticks of incense burning in it, and last, but chiefest in their attractions, two pots of chinese flowers, seemingly of the lily family, odorous and beautiful. Up in front of the picture dangled a lamp, kept burning day and night during the festival.

It is understood that there has been a band organized among the Chinamen in this laundry. Its leather, stretched over the head of a cask, a gong, a pair of symbals, and a Chinese fiddle. What sort of an infernal din they make when they are all going may be imagined, but cannot be described. Yesterday afternoon, only two accomplished and enthusiastic performers were kept steadily at work. Their artistic powers were devoted to the development of the capabilities of the two chief solo instruments, the gong and the drum. On these they played fiendish and soul-destroying duets—the gong sometimes sustaining the air, while the drum kept up a vigorous accompaniment, sometimes the drum taking the lead. Yet not only the heathens who played, but their comrades who listened, were maniac enough to rejoice in those ravishing strains. They made the place sound like a boiler factory.

New Year's morning Captain Hervey's Chinamen employed, as their brothers do at home, in the discharge of two duties, the payment of all debts among them and the settlement and reconciliation of all personal difficulties. Even without their music these facts would have been sufficient to establish their want of civilaztion. All day long they visited each other, going from room to room and partaking of the glutinous and vegetarian hospitality afforded them. None of them got drunk, another startling proof of their irreclaimable heathenishness. In the evening they had a superb dinner of meats, fish, rice, fruits, nuts, etc., at which they made speeches, drank toasts in tea, and otherwise enjoyed themselves in sober and decorous revelry. Monday evening next they will wind up their New Year festival with a grand jubilee of firecrackers, rockets, blue lights and other peculiarly Chinese pyrotechny.

They do not encourage the visits of strangers, but when visitors come treat them with timidly cool politeness, smiling vehemently, and taking early occasion to exhaust their stock of English in the communication, "Me no speakee muchee—excusee—me busee." Sober, industrious, quiet, and good tempered, Mr. Van Vorst, the superintendent of the laundry, gives them an excellent reputation and the people of Belleville heartily endorse it.

ENGLAND

The English People and Princess Louise.

From the Spectator, January 28.

There is something very perplexing, and to us at least not a little irrating, in the sudden outbreak of popular feeling against the marriage of the Princess Louise, an outbreak so bitter that it may yet provoke a discreditable scene in the House of Commons. In every great borough the first question asked of a representative is whether he intends to vote against the grant of a dowry to the Princess, and a reply in the negative very often evokes an unmistakable hiss. Mr. Foster, at Bradford, turned the subject with the happy mot that he could not fine the Princess for marrying a Scotchman, but at Halifax Mr. Stansfeld was pestered with the question, at Chelsea the members nearly lost the usual vote because they would not clear themselves upon the matter, at Brighton both members stand pledged to vote against the grant, and in every metropolitan constituency the subject is as embarrassing as is the Permissive bill, or the Contagious Diseases act, or any other topic upon which there is a misunderstanding between the electorate and the political classes. What in the world does it all mean? What has the clever Princess done, or what is she about to do, that she should be treated with this exceeding discourtesy, her name bandied about by all manner of lips, and her settlement criticised as if she were a pauper applying for two shillings a week and a loaf a day, and suspected of hoarding money? Of course, the tax payers have a right to discuss any grant submitted to Parliament—nobody questions that—but it is possible to exercise any right in an atrociously petty and stupid way, and that, with all respect to them, in the way in which they are exercising this one. Possibly that may be the fault of local orators who know that they are giving expression to a latent and indefinite discontent, but do not know how to put their case on any intelligible grounds; but it is most perplexing and annoying to see how readily the householders, just invested with power, join in an insulting and unreasonable, and, above all, a trumpery complaint. They do not even take the trouble to make the grounds of their ill-feeling clear. Are their members to resist the dowry because the electors dislike the marriage? That would be intelligible and just, the electors having a distinct interest in the marriage of any one within the line of the succession; but there is no trace of any feeling of the kind. The German princes, it is believed, with the Kaiser at their head, condemn the alliance as derogatory to the royal castle, and declare that they will not receive the Marquis of Lorne any more than the Marquis Rapallo, but the English electors certainly do not sympathize with the Hohenzollern pride. As little are they in accord with the feeling of the peers, who see a new order of nobles introduced between them and the throne; or with the philosophic constitutionalists, who feel that monarchy is weakened whenever the Brahminlike sanctity of the royal caste suffers a derogation. That notion is much more widely diffused than the Court is quite aware, but that is certainly not shared by the people who hurl these questions at representatives who are half ashamed to offer a reply. If the noise had been confined to London we should have said it was a mere expression of a temporary irritation against the sovereign, of very political or even social importance. There is no doubt that in her capital Queen Victoria has at last exhausted her long enduring popularity with the masses. They think it her Majesty's duty to live in her capital, to be the visible chief of her realm; and they resent her preference for remote wildernesses and her abhorrence of city life as a dereliction of duty. The feeling, however, is confined to London, and it is out of London that the opposition to the Princess' dowry is fiercest and most loud.

◆

The Emperor William's Daily Life.

A German publication, the *Soldier's Friend*, gives the following account of the Emperor William's daily routine:

"His Majesty usually rises at 7 o'clock, in summer frequently much earlier, in winter sometimes later. He never sleeps but in his own campaign bed, which is carried to all reviews and military maneuvers which he attends. If there is already a bed in the room where he stays, it is taken out and the campaign bed substituted. The latter consists of an iron frame; it is only a foot high, and has but little furniture. In raw weather the King wears his cloak. Only a small pocket watch is hung up by the wall near his simple couch, this being a favorite *souvenir* with which the King was presented in 1814, on accompanying his Royal father in a journey to Neufchatel and through Switzerland. By a previously fixed, or otherwise at the ordinary time, if the King had not already rung, two attendants entered the room. On days when there is to be a battle this occurs at a very early hour, as at Sadowa, where he was awake at 4 a. m., and at Gravelotte, where he was awoke at 3, for the King likes to be present at the marching out of the troops. If this is not necessary, dispatches, &c., are laid on the table where the King drinks coffee, so that they come immediately into his hands. The King, as soon as he rises, dresses from head to foot, and remains dressed the whole day, merely unbuttoning his overcoat if he is alone in his room or receives only persons on his suite. When other persons are received he always appears with buttoned overcoat, as also when he steps up to a window to watch troops marching by, or if he knows that military men can see him. On returning from his journeys or reviews, or from a battle, he changes his linen, but entirely dresses again. A dressing-gown, slippers, or any other domestic luxury which almost every independent man allows himself at home, the King has never used, even during indisposition or sickness. The King opens all his letters himself, without exception; even during serious illness they must be opened in his presence. He sorts them. On a first perusal he makes signs or marginal comments on them. These signs have a fixed signification, and the officials into whose hands they come know how to deal with them. All letters destined for the Berlin Ministry go back thither; otherwise they are sent to the authorities at headquarters. Everything goes on according to a regular method, and the King has really only one habit—that of working."

◆

Newspaper Work.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* in an able article on "Newspaper work and workers" truthfully remarks that there is no other profession but enjoys immunity from observation, as to its modes. The preacher writes in the privacy of his study, and can concoct platitudes or pad out plagiarisms that would be the ruin of the editor and reporter. The lawyer consults his client and organizes his campaign in private, bringing into court only as much as makes for his cause and against the cause of his adversary. The doctor plies his potions and launches in his lancet in secret. If the patient recover, it may be medicine or may be in spite of it; if he die, it may be pills or Providence, the physician is scatheless. None of these come to light that their deeds may be reproved.

Moreover, the work of the press is continuous, as well as constantly public. There is no peace in our war. There is no rest for the weary. Space is no more annihilated by telegraph then time by journalism. The evening and the morning are not merely the first day, but all the seven. Night is annihilated as to all its quantities of repose. Every minute of every hour of the 24 is occupied by some worker doing some work that shows itself in the newspapers of the day and afternoon. Repetition is as impossible as rest. Facts are ever new. Comments must be as fresh as the facts, and the "edition" is a remorseless giant that eats up all the seconds. The making of a newspaper is perpetual motion in a thousand fields. In such a work, demanding ceaseless effort, permitting no pause, exacting eternal and ever varying exercises, it is impossible for wheat to be unmixed of chaff, for accuracy not to be impaired by mistake, for injustice not occasionally to be done.

◆

Marriage Maxims.

The following marriage maxims are worthy of more than a hasty reading. Husbands need not pass them by, for they are designed for wives; and wives should not despise them, for they are addressed to husbands.

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation, on both sides, of absolute unselfishness.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both get angry at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and always speak lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.

Never make a remark at the expense of each other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never meet without a loving welcome.

Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.

Never let any fault you have committed go until you have frankly confessed it, and ask forgiveness.

Never forget the happy hours of early love.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

Never forget that we are all ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should be.

Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.

General Washington.

The following sketch of Gen. WASHINGTON's personal appearance is taken from a letter written in New York in 1778, and published in the *Kentish Gazette*, an English paper:

"Gen. Washington is now in the forty-seventh year of his age; he is a tall, well-made man, rather large boned, and has a tolerable genteel address; his features are manly and bold, his eyes of a bluish cast, and very lively; his hair a deep brown; his face rather long and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sunburnt and without much color, and his countenance sensible, composed, and thoughtful; there is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness; he has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant, and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier, gentle in his manners, in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices, which have so often excited Christians of one denomination to cut the throats of another; in his morals irreproachable; he was never known to exceed the bounds of the most rigid temperance. In a word, all his friends and acquaintances universally allow that no man ever united in his own person a more perfect alliance of the virtues of a philosopher with the talents of a general."

◆

In 1810 London had a daily supply of 44,000,000 gallons of water. The supply now furnished is [illegible] gallons. [illegible] considerable anxiety about the future supply, and various plans are before the Parliamentary Commissioners. [illegible] the Glasgow Water Works, [illegible] London with 220,000,000 gallons of water daily, from [illegible] North Wales, at a cost of £11,400,000 [illegible]. Messrs. Hemans & Hassard [illegible] 250,000,000 gallons [illegible] of Cumberland. [illegible] estimated at £13,000,000.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1871

THE FUTURE GREAT CITY.

We are in receipt of another interesting paper from the pen of J. W. Scott, Esq., upon the prospects of Toledo for becoming the chief city of the continent. The contest for the supremacy is, in the judgment of the writer, narrowed down to one between Chicago and Toledo, with a decided prospect of final triumph for the latter. In the Daily Blade, of the 19th of January, it will be remembered, a comparison of the growth of the exterior and interior cities of our country, as exhibited in the government census reports, made it too plain for doubt that the interior cities were rapidly gaining on the exterior cities, so that in all probability they would overtake the latter in size before the lapse of many decennial periods, and become the leading cities of the country. Satisfied that the great city of the future will grow up in the interior of our continent, Mr. Scott asks whether it will be on the border of the great river or one of its affluents, or on one of the great lakes.

In the Weekly Blade of the 9th of February, it is shown that the leading cities of the lake borders grow much faster than the leading cities on the great rivers; and the most successful, hitherto, (Chicago,) though of later growth, has nearly attained the leadership over St. Louis, in population, and has, by much, surpassed it in amount of business and aggregate increase of population. Having, by the most conclusive facts, eliminated the rivalry of the exterior cities and that of the great rivers, it remains to exhibit the relative claims of our prominent lake cities, one of which seems certain to become the future great city. Of these, Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo are the leading cities situate on or near the climate zone of the annual isotherm of 50°—the favorite city zone of modern times. Of these, Chicago and Toledo occupy the most commanding positions, each being at the head of a lake projecting inland, so as to bring a large extent of country most convenient to navigable water. Chicago has no formidable rival on Lake Michigan. Toledo, for the present, has for rivals, on Lake Erie, Cleveland and Detroit.

The best *position* for exchanges of production, domestic and foreign, other advantages equal, will prevail. It will not be presumptuous to claim for Chicago and Toledo the pre-eminence among the lake cities and to confine the rivalry to them. It is not strange that the former scorns the rivalry, its wonderful growth, placing it in population and wealth, nearly 10 to 1, compared with Toledo. If the causes of this disparity are permanent and to operate indefinitely, in the future, no ground would be left to claim a future rivalry for Toledo. What are these causes? The first and most operative has been the sudden—the rapid development of the agriculture of the prairie region, lying within her commercial power as a lake mart. An immense influx of labor and capital, invited by the ease of opening to cultivation the fertile prairies and giving them a lake market, by cheaply constructed railways, has created the wonder of our time which we call Chicago. It is not reasonable to expect an equally rapid growth of Agriculture and railway construction, over that region, in the future. It is, at least, doubtful whether, during the next twenty years, the rural population of Illinois and Southern Wisconsin will not become less numerous than it is now. Ohio is a good State for agriculture, but its increase of rural population during the last ten years has been little or nothing. Its cities and villages have given it an increase of but 14 per cent, which is below that of six States lying east of it, to wit: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. The prairie region, still more than Ohio, is running into large farms, sending off its small farmers into new regions, beyond the plains and into the great northwest. The sudden and rapid opening of the prairies has given Chicago a great advantage over her natural rival of the forest lands. This advantage is about to be changed in favor of the Woodland City. The forest is, in the future, to be in the clearing, converted into money, and into the most productive fields, when cleared. A dense population is the natural result of this operation. Twenty years, one-fifth of the century, will be sufficient to complete this change. Then, it will become a question of superiority of *position* for all commerce, internal and external, of our whole country. It is claimed for Toledo that, when the trial comes for final supremacy, the balance of commercial power of the world will be on her side; that on her side will be more people, more wealth, and more and better avenues and instrumentalities for the concentration and distribution of commercial values.

According to the recent census, the portion of our country nearer Toledo than to Chicago, is 22,790,194, and that nearer Chicago, 15,517,195. The amount of population of sections north and south, east and west, of lines of latitude and longitude intersecting each other near Canton, Ohio, is very nearly equal. Canton must, therefore, be very near the center of population of our whole country. The center of industrial power is much further east, without taking into account that of foreign lands. Both of these centers are moving steadily, north of west, in a direction that promises to bring them near to the west end of Lake Erie before they approach very near to each other. Other reasons will hereafter be given for the ultimate triumph of Toledo.

◆

LOOK AFTER THE RENEWALS

Our agents everywhere are requested to look after the renewals of their clubs. Get the names here in time to prevent the paper from stopping and the regular files of subscribers from being broken.

SOLDIERS' PETITION TO CONGRESS.

We have been requested to print the following petition, which is being circulated for the benefit of those who have served and suffered in the defence of the country. We have expressed our own views in reference to the terms and conditions of land grants made to soldiers. So far as this feature of the following petition is concerned we do not agree altogether with the petitioners, because we do not wish to recommend any measure which, directly or indirectly, may augment the evil of land monopoly and land speculation. If a soldier wants a home on the public domain he ought to have it, and we think the terms of the bill now pending in Congress, and which will, we have no doubt, be a law in a short time, are sufficiently liberal. The time served in the army will be counted as so much time of actual settlement under the homestead act. We favor this because it will make thousands of men land-owners and independent in their circumstances, who otherwise would live and die homeless. The title to lands given to soldiers, in the form of patents or land-warrants, would do the community great harm in augmenting the evil of land monopoly. Instead of promoting settlements and building up thrifty communities in the far west, it would be a hindrance and great detriment. It would lock up in titles to non-resident holders millions of acres for a generation to come which might otherwise be occupied forthwith. Instead of helping families to homes, it would be the means of depriving many enterprising men of the opportunity of getting them. Much as we are disposed to aid the soldier in all possible ways to secure his dues we can not favor anything which will aggravate the evil of land monopoly, which is strong and mischievous enough already. But we cheerfully give place to the following petition for the information and benefit of all who may approve of its prayer.

To the Honorable, the House of Representatives and Senate of the U. S. in Congress assembled:

We the undersigned, your petitioners *respectfully represent* that there is a class of worthy soldiers who have not been provided for in any of the noble generous acts for paying bounties passed by Congress. That class consists in those noble boys, who, responded to the first blast of the war bugle, and marched into the enemies country, alike unknown to officers and men, without military education, and who from fatigue, exposure, and privations, became disabled and rendered unfit for duty and were discharged before serving a sufficient length of time to entitle them to receive any bounty by any act of Congress heretofore passed.

We now pray you to pass an act granting to all soldiers, sailors and marines who served in the late war for the preservation of the Union prior to Sept. 23d, 1863, or their widows, heirs, or legal representatives, if said soldier, sailor or marine had an honorable discharge, a bounty of one hundred dollars, deducting all government bounty already received.

We also represent that inasmuch as many soldiers were promised by the recruiting officers one hundred and sixty acres of land at their discharge, and inasmuch as the homestead law is not adapted to the wants and circumstances of disabled soldiers and feeling that the soldiers who saved the union, ought to have some preference over citizens, we now pray you to pass an act granting all soldiers, sailors and marines who served for the suppression of the rebellion (their widows or orphans, or their legal representatives,) if said soldier, sailor or marine had an honorable discharge, one hundred and sixty acres of land to be selected by him in person—except in cases of pensioners of the war of 1861 and 1862, when the selection and entry may be made by agent or attorney—from the public lands of the United States not in use for other purposes, and when so selected by said soldier, sailor, marine or their heirs aforesaid, to give a patent for the same unconditionally.

We would also represent to you that in our opinion the bounties paid have been very unequal and for the purpose of equalizing them on the basis of the time of service.—We hereby pray you to pass an act giving to all soldiers, sailors and marines who enlisted in the service of the United States for the suppression of the late rebellion and had an honorable discharge, eight and one-third ($8\frac{1}{3}$) dollars per month for the entire time they served deducting all government bounty heretofore paid. And for the above we shall every pray.

◆

CAUTION TO SOLDIERS.

We notice in some of our exchanges a caution to soldiers not to sell their discharge papers, as sharpers and speculators are trying to buy them up with a view to swindling them and the government of the lands to which veterans will be entitled under the Soldiers' Homestead act when it shall become a law. The Cleveland *Leader* says that "two methods are apparently open by which these papers may be turned to a dishonest purpose—Many are in the possession of veterans, who have no intention of removing westward, and are therefore willing to sell their discharge certificates for a trifling price. These papers may be sold by the brokers to other men not veterans, who wish to acquire western lands, and may do so by assuming the name of the soldier whose discharge papers they have bought. In other cases it is believed that discharge papers are being bought up for the purpose of being sold back to their original possessors at a greatly advanced price when wanted."

This warning is well intended, and veterans and their heirs would do well to take the warning not to sell or give away their discharge papers for any consideration whatever. No honest use can ever be made of these discharge papers by any one but the soldier or his lawful heirs. A man who proposes to buy one simply proposes a fraud, and asks the veteran to become a party in that fraud, as well as to submit to one himself. But it may be well enough for conscienceless speculators to understand also that they have nothing to make by a traffic in discharge papers, as the homestead law requires that each applicant for lands must swear that he is the identical person who served in the army under the name embodied in the muster out papers. And if occupation and title were given by fraud they would both be invalidated and would become totally worthless when the deception should be brought out in court. No title could be conveyed in that manner that would be worth one cent. To avoid wrong doing all around let no soldier sell or give away his discharge papers. On the contrary, let every true soldier regard them as his most precious possession while he shall live, and the most honorable heirloom which he can possibly bequeath to his children.

◆

HOW TO REMIT.

Money sent to us by Express pre-paid, by draft on New York, Philadelphia or Boston, by Post Office order, or in Registered Letter, will be at our risk—otherwise at the risk of the sender.

THE PRIMARY ELECTION LAW.

We have expressed our approbation of the principle of Mr. Barber's Primary Election bill, which has got into a sort of dead-lock in the Senate, but which we hope will pass both Houses of the Ohio General Assembly, and become a law as drafted by its author. We have just received a copy of the bill, so that we have not had time to become fully acquainted with its provisions in detail, but we judge that they are well adapted to the end proposed, namely, to throw around primary meetings of the several political parties the protection of law, and to provide for preventing fraud, and the making of false returns, as the law now provides for general elections. Of course this law obliges no party to make its nominations by the popular vote system. But if its provisions are wisely drawn we have no doubt the law will tend to break up the caucus and convention plan of making party nominations, and to encourage the adoption of a fairer system—one which will allow all the electors of any political party to cast a vote for the men they prefer as candidates on their party tickets without encountering the wrangling of a caucus, or being detained from their regular business.

It is to the interest of the government and the desire of every good citizen that both parties should put forth their best and most capable men for the various offices to be voted for at general elections. And yet whether a party is able to put forward its best men depends very much on the system which is adopted in making its nominations. A bad system may sometimes work well—especially when operated by strictly honest men. But if selfish and corrupt men can manipulate and control a weak system for their own advantage the designs of its best men can be defeated utterly. The wise and good men of a party are sometimes put upon the alternative of bolting from their party nominations or supporting men for office that they would not employ or trust in their own private business. If they adopt the former alternative then party unity and confidence is broken up and demoralization takes place, and if the latter, then the popular elections themselves prove the occasion of corruption and political debauchery. It is sad that honest men should ever be compelled to choose between such alternatives.

No system can prove infallible. Perfection and incorruptibility are not to be expected in politics until the masses of mankind are under much stronger regenerating influences than they are at present. But if we are fated to eat a peck of dirt in a life time, it is a cruel system which makes it necessary to do so at every meal, or not eat at all. If we can not prevent all mistake and prevent all fraud it is no reason why we should submit to the inflictions of tricksters and managers without any attempt to help ourselves. Therefore that plan of taking the sense of the voters of a party as to the choice of candidates we may fairly presume to be the best, as that is the principle on which all republican governments are based. A majority is less liable to do wrong or to be deceived than a smaller number. At our caucuses, usually held late in the evening, in ill-lighted and inconvenient locations often, very few attend but those who come expressly to help forward the chances of some particular person. Expert parliamentarians and managers have always the advantage at such meetings. But at an open poll held during reasonable hours, each voter can drop in, if for only a moment, deposit his ballot and go about his business, without unpleasant experiences of any kind. Many men who never visit a caucus would vote at primary meetings especially when their returns were to be made under oath, and irregular and fraudulent proceedings made punishable as at regular elections.

Mr. Barber's bill is a move in the right direction. It is approved by some of the best men of both political parties in Ohio, Ex Gov. Dennison, Judge Swan, Hon. W. S. Groesbeck, and other men of like excellence of character have expressed their approval of its provisions. The Senate holds the bill for the present. We hope it will recede from its amendment which limited its operation only to cities, and pass it as it came from the House. And we also hope that the day is not far distant when the defective system of caucus and convention will by abandoned by both parties and the popular vote system substituted.

◆

ITALIAN LIBERALITY TO THE POPE.

The friends of the Pope of Rome have no occasion to complain of the disposition of the government of Italy towards himself or the Church, as evinced in the provision it has made for his temporal welfare. The Italian Parliament has provided by law that the person of the Pope shall be sacred and inviolable; it gives him an annuity of $645,000, and grants him full use of the Vatican and Lateran palaces, and of the summer villa of Castle Gandolfo. The art galleries and libraries of the Vatican remain government property; all previous concordats are abolished, and priests are put upon the same footing as other Catholics. No Italian official can exercise any of his functions within either of the Pope's palaces, and the temporal power is therefore restored in all respects, except that instead of embracing the whole of the Papal States, it now extends only to the Pope's personal realm or household. We hope that ardent partisans of the Pope will look at the matter philosophically and conclude that his Holiness is not likely to have such a hard time after all. Will not the Pope now reciprocate this kind and liberal legislation by revoking that rather strongly, we might say, viciously worded excommunication of Victor Emmanuel? We do not suppose that Victor cares much about it, one way or the other, or that it will make any serious difference with his comfort in this world or his destiny in the next, but it would look well in the professed vicegerent of Jesus Christ to exemplify in his edicts something of the gentle and forgiving temper towards enemies recommended by the Sermon on the Mount.

FATHER FARRELL RESTORED

We are informed by the telegraph that the Archbishop of New York, after repeated consultations with Father Farrell, the Catholic clergyman who had been deposed or suspended from his sacred office for writing a letter of sympathy with the cause of Italian unity, has fully and unconditionally restored him to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church in New York. We are not informed which party made the concessions necessary to bring about this restoration. It is probable that the frank and out-spoken condemnation of the act by the American press had its share in compelling conciliatory measures on the part of the Archbishop. Public sentiment cannot be very safely defied even by an archbishop, and the Catholic Church has usually been controlled by politic men who knew how to keep to the windward in times of danger from popular indignation. It is well for the internal harmony of the Church, and better still for its fair fame in the sight of those who are without, that the decree of suspension has been rescinded.—It is becoming well known that most of the Catholic clergy in America are less in sympathy with the liberal movements of the age than the clergy of the same church on the continent of Europe. In all the grand, soul-stirring movements in this land to overthrow slavery the clergy of the Catholic Church have had no share. False to the traditions of the church in past ages when in other lands, in Rome, in Ireland, on the continent of Europe, the influence of the church overthrew both Roman slavery and the Feudal system, as well as false to the precepts of the gospel, the clergy of that church in this country, as a body gave no aid to the cause of liberty for the bondman. Now that the institutions of despotism and wrong are being overturned in Europe the American clergy of that church have no spirit of co operation with their more liberal brethren of Europe, who are in sympathy with them. Such acts as the suspension of a priest for no other offense than loving liberty and expressing sympathy with the struggles of humanity for a larger and more perfect freedom do not tend to increase the respect of the friends of freedom for the priestly oligarchy which enacts them.—It is, therefore, a matter of congratulation to the church itself that Father Farrel is restored to his functions and an oppressive decree so quickly repealed.

◆

COURSE OF THE GRAIN TRADE FOR TEN YEARS.

The following tabular statement, compiled by the indefatigable statisticism. Mr. E. H. Walker, now Secretary to the Produce Exchange, New York, shows the receipts of grain and flour at the five ports, of Chicago, Milwaukee, Toledo, Detroit and Cleveland, where the supplies for this and Eastern States, and for exportation, are almost entirely drawn. The ports named are the commercial sources of the supplies of Western grain.

The statement includes each of the last ten years, and presents also the aggregate receipts of the same articles at New York during the same period, and in a separate column exhibits the relative proportions of the receipts at the lake ports and New York. The receipts at New York have not diminished; but while they have increased to the amount of thirteen millions, those at the lake ports increased over forty seven millions of bushels. In 1860 much more than three-fourths of the Western grain came to New York; in 1870 the proportion had dwindled down to one-half.

The following is the table, each barrel of flour being marked as five bushels of wheat:

	Aggregate Receipts at Lake Ports, bush.	Aggregate Receipts at New York, bush.	Per cent. of the Lake Ports Receipts at New York.
1860....	70,778,611	56,221,653	79.4
1861....	102,366,162	83,433,301	81.6
1862....	110,111,166	81,586,795	74.1
1863....	97,483,327	68,701,837	70.4
1864....	78,673,416	55,341,700	70.3
1865....	89,584,346	55,778,778	62.2
1866....	103,462,930	57,897,871	55.9
1867....	99,675,145	49,768,232	49.9
1868....	109,631,077	60,571,799	55.2
1869....	118,969,906	65,389,073	55.0
1870....	117,874,121	69,458,567	59.1

◆

☞ The full text of the proposed new law, now under discussion by the Italian Parliament in reference to the Pope provides that the person of the Pontiff shall be sacred and inviolable, and that offenses against it shall be punished in the same manner as offenses against the person of the King; that he shall receive an annual stipend of $645,000, to form part of the national debt and be exempted from taxes of every kind, and that in addition he shall enjoy the free use of the Vatican and Lateran palaces, with their appendages and the Villa of Castel Gandolfo; that cardinals during the conclave shall share the Pope's personal inviolability, and that no Italian official shall exercise his functions within the palaces inhabited by the Pope, or occupied by a conclave or ecumenical council, without special authority; that the Papal legates and nuncios shall have the most liberal postal and telegraphic facilities for communication with the entire world. At the same time, all previous concordats are abrogated, and the priesthood placed on the same footing with other Italian citizens. Letters from Florence indicate that while the bill will most likely pass through the Chamber of Deputies without serious opposition, its navigation through the Senate will be more dangerous.

◆

At Mansfield the retail liquor dealers have invented the following mode of avoiding the penalty of the State liquor law, which gives a wife the right of action for damages against the man who sells strong drink to her husband. The wife waives her right to action by signing her name to the following card:

"To——: I hereby authorize you to give my husband whatever he wants to drink, so long as he can stand up and pay for it."

◆

Nauvoo, Ill., the ancient capital of Mormondom, is in a fair way to achieve a prosperity which will far exceed the greatness given it by the reign of Jo. Smith. The little city is now the center of a large grape growing region. Last year 60,000 gallons of wine were sold from the town, and there are now 70,000 gallons in store. The town has 3,000 inhabitants.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The leaders of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association of Pennsylvania, it seems, have published a statement of the causes of the "strike" in which they claim that the operators have made some $4,000,000 by the rise in coal consequent upon their action. This is damaging the capitalists with a vengeance. The result of this strike will not be different from the majority of similar suspensions. The workingmen will suffer, immediately and remotely, and the capitalists injured will be those who have had no connection with the miners themselves. Thus, if the strike continues, it is said a number of manufactories will be compelled to suspend to the injury of their owners and especially to the injury of their operators, while the advanced price of coal will affect the working people of Philadelphia and New York injuriously. Workmen frequently have it in their power to inflict great injury by strikes, but the injury falls most heavily upon their own and their fellow's heads.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* finds in the approaching editorial Convention at Akron, an opportunity to write its annual article upon the country press. It is the business of the country newspaper, thinks the *Commercial*, to devote itself to local news and leave such weightier matters as national politics and European affairs to the city press. This is the *Commercial's* annual plea for a division of labor and of circulation. It would undoubtedly be a good thing for the city papers if the people throughout the rural districts should be compelled to look to them for information and opinion upon all questions not of a local nature. The *Commercial*, while pretending to give the country papers good advice, is slyly writing in its own interest.

The influence of the country press in politics is much greater than is generally supposed. The average circulation of the county papers in Ohio is perhaps a thousand, while that of the city papers in the counties beyond which they are published is probably not more than two hundred. The majority of voters, therefore, in the rural districts depend upon their county papers for their political reading. The influence of the county press during the war in maintaining a loyal sentiment toward the government and in filling the ranks of the army, was incalculable, and is only appreciated by those who were connected with the country press at the time.—Each community like a county needs at its centre an organ of public opinion, not as much perhaps as a city, but in proportion to its weight in the state is its need of a journal of opinion. The editor of a country paper, like that of a city journal, reflects the sentiments of his patrons on public questions and it is important that this sentiment should be reflected in every community.

The Church of the Transfiguration in New York has been brought into a prominence under the name of the "Little Church Around the Corner," which must be anything but agreeable to Dr. Houghton and his parishioners. The general impression is that the church is a small and obscure one, and that Mr. Sabine intended a sneer when he alluded to it as the "little church around the corner." It is, however, a church of sufficient capacity to accommodate the session of the General Convention, is located in an aristocratic portion of the city and many of its parishioners are wealthy.

The "benefits," therefore, which the theatrical people are giving for the church are not given because the church needs funds. The performances are not charity efforts, but are, as the Chicago *Post* says, expressions of gratitude. This is true on the part of the theatrical people, but the attendance of the public in such large numbers at the exhibitions is not intended as an expression of gratitude so much as a rebuke to the spirit which refused burial to a personally worthy gentleman on account of his profession. The demand for seats at Chicago is said to have been unprecendented. The seats were all sold two days before the "benefit" and after the doors were opened ten and twenty dollars were offered for fifty cent seats. Hundreds stood during the performance and on the stairway children cried, men wrestled, and women fainted in an effort to get near enough to see and hear.

As we have said, this must be anything but agreeable to Dr. Houghton. Yet we do not see, as has been suggested, that he should publicly express his disapprobation or refuse to receive the funds. The Church of the Transfiguration may not need the money, but there are scores of struggling parishes throughout the country, and several colleges for the education of young men for the ministry, which are in need of funds. In principle, it is probably no worse for a professional company to play for the benefit of a church than it is for an amateur company to play for the benefit of a public charity.

The despatches announce that M. Thiers will probably be made President of the Provisional Republic which the Assembly is expected to organize. The selection indicates a spirit in the Assembly which promises the best results for France, for Thiers is at once a Liberal and a Conservative, and his long experience in public affairs makes him thoroughly acquainted with the character and the needs of the French people. Perhaps no man in France affords the Republicans and Monarchists so hopeful a compromise as Thiers to conduct the nation through the provisional period which lies between the Assembly and the organization of a permanent government.

M. Thiers is now nearly seventy-five years of age, having been born in Marseilles in 1797. He was the son of a locksmith, but received an excellent literary and law education, and was in his school days considered a leader of the Liberals. Like so many public men of Europe, he preferred literature to politics, and went to Paris in 1821 to pursue it. He at once became a journalist and was necessarily drawn into politics. He wrote for the *Constitutionnel*, the organ of the Liberal party, and soon achieved a fine reputation as a writer, a reputation which in France gives a man access to the society of the learned and the great. In France, impersonal journalism is almost unknown and the journal is never dissociated in the public mind from the editor, who fills a large space in the public eye, and is usually the idol of his party and the special target for the wrath of his opponents. In 1830, he established the *National*, a journal which did so much toward bringing about the revolution of 1830. He was first called to a public position by Louis Phillippe, under whom he became successively under-Secretary of State, Minister of the Interior, of Commerce and Public Works and of Foreign Affairs. He did not win his way to position without the bitterest opposition and scorn of those who despised his small body and unprepossessing appearance and who could not appreciate his ability. When he took his seat in the Chambers, after having been elected a member from Aix, and delivered his maiden speech, he was greeted with laughter and hisses. He became President of the Council, but resigned owing to a disagreement with the King. As Premier, which he became again in 1840, his policy failed and his enemies triumphed. He was succeeded by Guizot and became henceforth devoted to the King. After the revolution of 1848, which he accepted but did not advocate, he was elected to the Constitutional Assembly, where he distinguished himself by his opposition to the Socialist party and his leadership of the party of order. He labored for the restoration of an Orleanist, secretly, it is said, while he voted for the Bonapartist Presidency. He was arrested and exiled, but allowed to return only for literary pursuits.

His chief literary works are his history of the "French Revolution," and of the "Consulate and Empire." These have become standard works. The integrity of his character has been unquestioned, and his counsels have been distinguished for their liberality as well as for their moderation and wisdom.

We have heretofore spoken of the apparent delight with which the telegraph pursues, or rather, heralds a delinquent clergyman to the country. We have another instance in the Chicago dispatches of last night, which state that a Catholic priest in an Ill. town was detected in improper intimacy with his housekeeper and dismissed. A mob gathered at the depot when the disgraced priest was about to leave the town and were only prevented from violence by the interference of the officers of the law. This is an exhibition of virtue in an Illinois town which we had not looked for. No doubt the priest could have turned upon the crowd and in the words of his Master have driven every ruffian out one by one by the simple utterance, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." But be this as it may, why should the telegraph and the newspaper herald an event of this kind to the whole country? Is all the local news of inland towns, especially the shortcomings of the villagers, of sufficient interest to be published in all the daily papers? If the name and all the circumstances connected with the shame of the poor priest are to precede him wherever he goes, why not place a detective in each town and publish to the world all the business and professional men guilty of like offences?

A Washington despatch says that the Southern Pacific Railroad bill is to be returned to the Senate so amended as to cut off all its branches and additional land grants, thus securing the main trunk line from the eastern boundary of Texas to San Diego. The Senate, it will be remembered, passed the bill by a vote of more than four to one, and there is little doubt that it will concur in the House amendment, and the Southern Pacific Road will soon be put in process of construction. This is the third road to be built by government aid, and will probably be the last. The Central and Northern lines are almost entirely in the hands of Northern and Western men, but the Southern is to be built and operated by both Northern and Southern men, and will doubtless become one of the most favored routes to the Pacific. The road, as projected, extends from Memphis to Little Rock, Arkansas, thence to Jefferson, Texas, and thence along the thirty-second parallel to San Diego, in Southern California. The Texas branch of the road is about eight hundred miles in length. A Transcontinental Company has been organized under a charter granted by the Texas Legislature, the franchise of the Company being distinct from that of Congress.

We shall thus soon have another great empire thrown open to settlement, the possibilities of which it is almost impossible to overestimate. If the Northern Pacific is to make available the chief wheat region of the continent, the Southern Pacific is to do the same for the chief cotton region. To those who prefer a Southern climate, it will present the greatest attractions and advantages, and will, with the two other roads, open to every latitude of Europe new and unsettled lands in a climate similar to that which the emigrant leaves. To the region opened up by this road we may expect to find the emigrants from Southern Europe flocking when the New York and Mediterranean steamship line is in operation and the expected influx of Southern Europeans begins.

◆

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 18th, the Judiciary Committee was discharged from the further consideration of petitions upon female suffrage. A resolution was introduced referring to the appointment of the Anglo-American Commission, reciting that the British North American Possessions are an obstacle to harmony between the two governments and recommending the Commission to provide for the cession of those Possessions to the United States. The resolution was laid over. Several amendments to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill were adopted and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the amendment proposed to the army appropriation bill relating to national cemeteries was rejected in Committee of the Whole, and when the Committee rose, the bill was passed. The report of the Committee on the McGarrahan claim was considered, the majority recommending the passage of a resolution declaring McGarrahan not entitled to the relief prayed for. Without adopting the report, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 20th, the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment agreed to in Committee of the Whole repealing that part of the law which makes the possession of a pardon proof of disloyalty was adopted. Without disposing of the bill, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the bill authorizing the President to appoint a Commission to establish a Northwestern boundary line was discussed and passed. The report of the Judiciary Committee on the McGarrahan claim was considered. The substitute of the minority was adopted. It directs the Secretary of the Interior to cause the record of the patent of the panoche grande to be transcribed into the records as the same stood on the record in the book of the general land office at the time it was examined without any mutilation or erasure whatever, so that the legal effect of the record so transcribed shall be the same as if the original record had never been interfered with or mutilated, and it authorizes and requires the President of the United States to do in the premises whatever may be his judgment to be just and equitable without regard to any action or proceeding had subsequent to the 14th of March, 1864, date of the patent recorded. Without disposing of the bill, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 21st, the resolution looking to the acquisition of the British North American Possessions, through the Anglo American Commission, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The bill authorizing the U. S. Circuit Court for Indiana to make a partition of the Miami reserve was passed. The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was passed, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the Senate bill to incorporate the Texas Pacific Railroad Company, and aid in construction of the road, was reported back from the Pacific Railroad Committee, with an amendment changing the names of the corporators, the name of the Company to the South Pacific Railroad Company, and reducing the capital stock from $100,000,000 to $50,000,000. The bill from the Senate provided for six different lines; the amendment provides for a single trunk from a point on the eastern boundary of Texas, at or near Marshall, to a ship channel in the bay of San Diego, California, pursuing a route known as the 32d parallel, north latitude. The Senate bill provided for a gauge of five feet; this amendment proposes a uniform gauge. The House agreed to the amendment and passed the bill. In the Missouri contested election case, Mr. Van Horn, the sitting member, was declared entitled to the seat. Adjourned.

◆

☞ The McConnelsville *Herald* says: "Rev. Cooper, of the Presbyterian Church, of this place, took an advanced position on the temperance question last Sunday. An advanced position for a minister even. Before the morning service began the deacons of the church made their annual report, and announced that the books were open for subscriptions for the coming year. After this announcement was made, Rev. Cooper instructed the deacons as follows: 'To receive no money on subscription from families, any part of whose income is derived from the sale of intoxicating liquors; to mark all such subscriptions as paid, and charge the same to his account; that if the amount allowed him as salary could not be raised from other sources, the salary might be reduced just as much as the subscriptions from these doubtful sources amounted to.' These instuctions were given by Rev. Cooper that his precepts may have the weight of example. Consistency is a jewel wherever found. Will the *Herald* inform us how this thing progresses?

◆

☞ The editor of *Harper's Weekly* gives a fair expression to American feeling in reference to the hollowness and vulgarity of the buncombe resolutions of welcome to the Irish exiles offered by Gen. Butler, and adopted by the House of Representatives. The best that can be said in the case is that as a deception and sham it is not dangerous. Nobody is deceived by it. But Congress had better let Tammany Hall and the political clubs play at that little game of blarney, and preserve some appearance of dignity in its own behavior. *Harper's Weekly* says in reference to this vote:

> The gentlemen themselves have undoubtedly already learned that all this ardor does not mean sympathy, but votes. The majority of the majority in Congress which passed the resolution of welcome probably had no knowledge whatever of the Irish exiles, nor of their services to their country or to liberty. They saw a cheap chance of blarney, and they blarneyed. The good sense of the exiles, with that of every intelligent American and European, will see in the whole performance a wanton sacrifice of dignity and self-respect upon the part of the Congress of the United States. As an expression of sincere feeling, it was laughable. As a bid for votes, it will unquestionably be a failure.—As a national disgrace and signal feat of Buncombe, the resolution will remain.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

The Best Reading Matter at the Lowest Prices.

OUR REVISED CLUBBING LIST FOR 1871.

We ask the attention of our readers who want to take other papers and magazines in connection with the Blade, to the following list by which they can secure the leading publications of the country at greatly reduced rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive one subscriber for the Blade for each copy of any other publication ordered from this list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, as well as new ones, subscribers may avail themselves of the offer:

MONTHLIES.

The Atlantic Monthly, price $4.00 a year, and the Blade both one year for $4 50.

Scribner's Monthly, price $3.00, and the Blade both one year for $4.25

Harper's Monthly, price $4.00, and the Blade both one year for $4.75.

Lippincott's Monthly, price $4.00, and the Blade both one year for $4.50.

The Galaxy, price $4.00, and the Blade both one year for $4.50.

Our Young Folks, price $2.00 and the Blade both one year for $3.00.

Godey's Lady's Book, price $3.00, and the Blade both one year for $4 00.

Arthur's Home Magazine, price $2.00, and the Blade both one year for $3.00.

The Little Corporal, price $1.50, and the Blade both one year for $2 50.

The Nursery, price $1.50, and the Blade both one year for $2.50

American Agriculturist, price $1.50, and the Blade both one year for $2.75.

American Farm Journal, price 75 cents, and the Blade both one year for $2.25.

Whitney's Musical Guest, price $1.00 and the Blade both one year for $2.00.

WEEKLIES.

Harper's Weekly, price $4.00, and the Blade both one year for $4.75

Harper's Bazar, price $4.00 and the Blade both one year for $4.75.

Appleton's Journal, price $4.00, and the Blade both one year for $4 75

Prairie Farmer, price $2.00, and the Blade both one year for $3.00

Western Rural, price $2.00, and the Blade both one year for $3.00.

The Chicago Advance, price $2.50, and the Blade both one year for $3.00.

Every Saturday, price $5.00, and the Blade both one year for $5 75.

Hearth and Home, price $3.00, and the Blade both one year for $4.00.

Rural New Yorker, price $3.00, and the Blade both one year for $3.75.

Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls, price $2.50, and the Blade both one year for $3.25.

Waverly Magazine, price $4.00, and the Blade both one year for $4.75.

New York Sun, price $1.00, and the Blade both one year for $2.50.

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates.

◆

WORKING TOOLS.

We furnish our Agents and all others who wish to get subscribers for the Blade, with all the "working tools," such as posters specimen copies, &c., they can use to advantage. Send in your orders and they will be forwarded by return mail.

◆

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Remember that we send specimen copies *free and postage paid*, to any address sent us for that purpose, and we respectfully request our readers to send us the name of any of their friends who are not now subscribers and who they think would like to examine the Blade. Send the names from as many different Post Offices as possible.

◆

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We again call attention to the fact that the papers and magazines on our clubbing list are *not* sent from the Blade office, but from the offices of publication. Therefore it takes a little time for the first numbers to reach the subscribers, and they should not be impatient if they do not receive them immediately. If, at any time during the term of their subscription, they should fail to receive a number, they should write to the publishers, and not to us.

Correspondence.

Washington Letter.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

GEN. BLAIR—CONGRESS—BINGHAM'S ELECTION BILL—GULF SUBSIDY—SOLDIERS' LANDS—THE VETO—JUDGES—WEST POINT—PACIFIC R. R. INTEREST—THE DISTRICT—ARMY BILL—GEN. BUTLER—THE SNOW—THE CARNIVAL.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18, 1871.

Gen. Blair was on his feet again yesterday and repeated himself without adding anything to the strength of his position. The impression to-day is very decided that his friends have over-estimated the weight of his metal and that he is more indebted for his political prominence to his sensational outbreaks than to his ability. Both of his speeches have been intensely partizan, denunciatory and extravagant; but they have not shown the tact, or skill, or thought of either Thurman or Casserly, and it is very evident that the leadership of the Democratic party in the Senate is not to be changed on account of the Republican feud in Missouri. Gen. Blair shrinks from the fair interpretation of his Broadhead letter. In that celebrated manifesto he declared it to be the policy of the Democratic executive, then about to be elected, to use the army to crush out the odious reconstruction acts. But he now says that the mode of *use* which he had in his mind was simply to withdraw it; when the people would reassert their power and make short work with the unconstitutional acts. If the fierce democracy had suspected a conclusion so tame and impotent the General would not have been their nominee. To do without an army is a novel mode of *using* it.

Congress is making good progress with the public business and the House now meet an hour earlier and frequent sessions by gas light; but, as is always the case, a large amount of business, ready for action, will not get a hearing, but must go over to the next Congress which, it is now conceded, will meet on the 4th of March.

Mr. Bingham's bill making further provision for the security of election is an amendment to the "enforcement act" which has been such an honor to the democracy. It provides that certain acts shall henceforth be regarded as crimes and punished accordingly, viz: fraudulent registration, hindering registration; interfering with an officer of registration, a false registry by an officer, known neglect of duty by which the registry suffers, or the returns are falsified. The bill provides for a good deal of machinery, the most noteworthy of which is the authority given to Marshals of the United States who are required to appoint deputy Marshals to preserve order with power to make summary arrests, and to call on the army or navy, if need be, to assist in maintaining order. It also punishes severely all breaches of the law and gives jurisdiction to United States courts so as to prevent the local judges from shielding their partizan repeaters. The bill is expected to pass the Senate.

The Gulf subsidy bill which went through the Senate a day or two ago is expected to pass the House, but the chances are that it will be smothered on the Speaker's table.

The House bill to enable soldiers more easily to acquire homesteads on the public lands has been amended in the Senate committee so as to make it more acceptable. Among the changes is one which authorizes the soldier to delay settlement for a year after making his location.

The President's veto of the bill relieving certain naval contractors from the performance of their obligations was handsomely sustained by the Senate there being only two votes in the negative—Ross and Saulsbury.

The Senate voted yesterday on the question of increasing the salaries of Judges, and the rates fixed by the House were mainly agreed to—Chief Justice $8,500, Associate Justices $8,000 (increase of $2,000) Circuit Judges $6,000, District Judges $5,000. The committee had reported in favor of a much greater increase.

The West Point matter has been disposed of. The cadets unlawfully expelled are to be restored, and the leaders of the outrages in the first class are to be dismissed. The rest will be punished as the court of inquiry may direct. The conduct of the professors is also to be investigated.

The interest question (Pacific R. R.) is causing a good deal of excitement and the Road is putting forth all its strength to accomplish its ends. The lobby and the newspapers are busy in making public sentiment and the road will probably get all that it asks. It looks as if this country, which is too strong for imperialism, is to be ruled by the iron track.

The District Territorial bill, agreed upon by the Conference Committee, passed the House yesterday and now goes to the President for his approval. It is deemed a very important measure and will greatly change the aspect of things in this district for better or for worse. At present the district has no voice in Congress, and outside of the cities the people have no suffrage.

The army appropriation bill was before the House yesterday and afforded the Democratic members a desirable opportunity to vent their spleen against the measures adopted by the administration for preserving the purity of the ballot. The speeches were violent and abusive and the poor down trodden constitution got the accustomed sympathy. Democracy can never forgive the administration for proving that it was the great abettor of election frauds.

General Butler, the latest convert to the party of female suffrage, has appeared publicly as a speaker at two or three of their meetings, and is justly regarded as a very important acquisition. His argument at the Congregational Church, in reference to the action of the House Judiciary Committee on the Constitutional question, was one of his happiest efforts, and was about as clear and cogent as words could make it.

The snow of Monday night, which fell to the depth of nine inches, has nearly disappeared, and what is left of it is going to-day in a sweeping flood of rain such as we have not had in many months.

The days set apart for our carnival are Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week; and as the avenue has been a good deal blocked up with mud and snow a large working force was put on yesterday and it was nicely "swept and garnished." The street will be illuminated on each evening; there will be great races, tourneys, military displays, and all sorts of coarse fun. The railroads have put down the fare in all directions and the city will be full to overflowing.

BUCKEYE.

◆

"Alas!" said a brooklet, as the scorching sun drank up all its ripples and the pebbles in its bed grew dry; "alas! the flowers on my margin perish of thirst." But when the sun had absorbed all the waters of the little brook, and a cloud came floating in the sky, it grew larger and darker, and when it burst, the country for miles around, was watered, and the flowers on the margin of the brook held up their heads again. Then the brook said: "I was unwise. Could my waters have flowed as I wished them to flow, they would have refreshed a few blossoms only; now they refresh many."

ITALY'S STRUGGLE FOR UNITY.

The History of the Past Twenty Years—An Interesting Historical Sketch.

C. C. Coffin, in the Boston Congregationalist.

Victor Emanuel in the Quirinal Palace. Italy rejoicing and Ireland tearing its hair! That is the spectacle at the present moment. To see what it means let us go back a little to 1848, not quite a quarter of a century. Italy then was lying around loose. Sardinia, Lombardy, Venetia, Parma, Modena, Lucca, Rome, Tuscany and Naples, together with Sicily, were peopled by Italians, but were under separate governments. Austria held Lombardy and Venetia. Tuscany had a Grand Duke. There was a Bourbon on the throne of Naples, crushing the life out of the people. Cardinals and priests ruled the States of the Church, taking the reins out of the hands of the new Pope, Pio Nono. The provinces of Modena, Parma and Lucca were as they had been since 1815, when the European Congress made up the patchwork now torn to shreds and tatters.

Charles Albert was King of Sardinia in 1848, but there was a stronger man than he in Turin in those days. Cavour, who started a newspaper in 1847, and called it *Il Risorgimento*, the Revival. He was a man of ideas, had a large brain, and believed in newspapers, and soon set all Italy on fire with the idea of unity. He had a compatriot, Joseph Mazzini, of Genoa, not quite so large brained, but more impetuous, who had been talking and writing about united Italy for a dozen years or more.

The seed sown had a sudden springing up. The people of Sicily and Naples rose against the tyrant Bomba, and the Pope, through fear of the people, took to his heels and fled to Gaeta. Lombardy and Venetia attempted to throw off the yoke of Austria, and Charles Albert, with his Sardinian army went to their aid. Before doing so he strengthened himself in the affections of his people, by granting them a constitutional government, with the right of suffrage to every citizen twenty-one years of age and paying a tax of $8, and with a Parliament composed of a Senate and House of Deputies. This charter was granted on the 4th of March, 1848, and it was the foundation stone of Italian unity. But Italy was divided into factions. Mazzini wanted a Republic. He would sweep away all existing dynasties and territorial boundaries, crush out the nobility, and form a new state of society throughout. But the nobles were powerful, and tenacious of taxes and privileges. Each Duke and Marquis had his courtiers, and the upper crust of society was not prepared to sink itself to a general level with the Lazzaroni and Carbonari.

Charles Albert thought the time had come for the building up of a nation. He declared war against Austria, drove Radetzky from Milan, and cleared the Austrians out of Lombardy. Success seemed near, but France with Lamartine at the head of the Republican Government, became jealous, and marched 60,000 men to the frontier of Sardinia. The Austrians plucked up their courage anew, and then came the disastrous day for Sardinia at Novarra, which saw at its close a defeated King fleeing to his capital and abdicating his throne to Victor Emanuel, his son, and then retiring to Portugal to die of a broken heart. His sacrifices all for Italian unity, but the time had not come for success. Italy herself was not ready, and all Europe was hostile to the idea.

Victory Emanuel was not quite 19 years old when, on the 20th of March 1849, he was crowned King at Turin. Far distant then, seemingly, was the time when Italy would be a nation. The Republican leaders were in exile. Garibaldi, who had put the Pope to flight was dipping candles in New York. The Pope was back again in the Vatican; the Jesuits, who had been driven from their places of power, were in their old haunts once more and the world generally concluded that there was not stamina enough in the Italians to become a nation.

Ten years slipped by. Louis Napoleon was Emperor of France. There came a sudden coolness between France and Austria. Who can tell what caused it? Although a decade has passed, the world does not know why the Emperor of France picked a quarrel with Francis Joseph, and espoused the cause of Italy. It is one of the mysteries of history yet to be solved. But the landing of Napoleon at Genoa on the 12th of May, 1859, may be set down as the beginning of a new epoch in European history.

Then came the battle of Montebello on the 4th of June, followed by that of Palestro and of Solferino, with the peace of Villa Franca on the 14th of July, and cession of Lombardy, Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, to Sardina.

Garibaldi was no longer making candles in New York, but a few months later was in Sicily and Naples at the head of his followers shouting: "Victory Emanuel and a United Italy." On a bright October morning he met Victor Emanuel on the field of Volturno and hailed him as King of Italy. "I thank you," was the monarch's reply.

In eighteen months from the inexplicable movement of Louis Napoleon in behalf of Sardinia, Italy had become, with the exception of Venetia and the States of the Church, a united nation with a constitutional government, that gave freedom of speech and liberty of the press and rights of worship to all people. From the days of the old Roman Empire, down through all the intervening ages of Popes and Kings, Dukes, Marquises and Counts, the Bible has been interdicted to the millions of Italy by the spiritual head of the church, but wherever Victor Emanuel marched, men followed with the Bible. Down went monkeries and monasteries. When Cavour wanted a railroad from Turin to Genoa, or from Bologne over the Appenines to Florence, or from Palerma to Ancona, he obtained the wherewith to build it by sequestrating the estates of the idle ecclesiastics, who, through many generations, had accumulated enormous wealth that paid no taxes to the government. So the regeneration of Italy began, and it required but a few months to show that the old land that had been slumbering from the days since the days of Attila, had felt again the thrill of life.

In 1866 Venetia was wrested from Austria by the power of Prussia at Sadowa, and now while Prussia is crowding France down in the dust, Victor Emanuel enters Rome and makes himself at home in the Quirinal; shows himself to the entranchised people on the very balcony from which the Pope has been accustomed to scatter his blessings from the tips of his fingers upon those who have knelt before him; and Italy is free from the Alps to the Adriatic.

Look at Victor Emanuel as he stands there, big, burly, bluff, a bull-dog in appearance, more fond of shooting wild boars in the forests of Piedmont than attending to duties of State; gross in his pleasures, yet genial of disposition, and caring more for his comfort than for etiquette.

The Pope has cursed him, but it does not deter him from going on with the work which he has undertaken of making Italy a nation, with Rome for its capital, nor from entering the palace which the Pope claims as his own. It stands in the southeastern section of Rome, on one of the seven hills. Gregory XIII. began in 1574, Sixtus V., Clement VIII., and their successors, added wings and rooms, and adorned it with paintings and statues. Urban VIII. laid out a garden, with grottoes and walks and fountains, and set up an organ that goes by water, and squeaks out melancholy melodies. Pius VII. lived there nearly all his days, and the present Pope usually has spent his summers there. It was for awhile the residence of the Bourbon King whom the people of Italy would not tolerate, but who was befriended by the Pope, who has been for a quarter of a century the grand head center of all things reactionary in Europe.

In this place, the Cardinals have been accustomed to assemble to elect a Pope, when the chair became vacant, and probably there is no other edifice in the world that witnessed more exciting scenes, or fiercer heart-burnings and jealousies, envies and disappointed ambitions. When an election has taken place, the result has been announced to the people from the same balcony over the public entrance, where Victor Emmanuel received the congratulations of the people the other day. It is doubtful if Pius IX. will ever stand there again. Possibly his election will be the last that ever will be held there.

Victor Emanuel in the Quirinal! Are we dreaming? How difficult to comprehend the march of events, or understand their meaning. I was privileged to see Victor Emanuel when he entered Venice in 1866; to stand near him as he was waiting for the royal barge that was to bear him down the grand canal to St. Marks, amid the huzzahs of hundreds of thousands of men crazed with joy. And amid the multitude, in the grand Piazza, was a man who had lost one arm at Custozza, but who was dealing out Bibles with the other to men who never till that moment had seen a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Papists in America and in England have suddenly become Protestants. It is not likely, however, that the 20,000,000 or more of Italy will give much heed to the protest of the Romish priests and their followers in America. The Italians will complete the work they have begun, and the world is soon to see the Italian House of Deputies and Senate enacting liberal laws in the old capital of the empire. Victor Emanuel in the Quirinal means free schools, newspapers, Bibles, onward and upward to a higher plane of civilization.

◆

A Sublime Romance.

From the Boston Congregationalist.

The life of George Bowen is an inspiration and benediction. Twenty-five years ago he was one of the "fast young men" of New York city. Gifted by nature with a noble intellect, blessed with wealth and a wide circle of loving friends, a scholar of no mean repute, accomplished and brilliant with the rich experience of foreign travel, he was, nevertheless, a skeptic, if not an infidel. Going into a favorite book store one evening for a novel, just as the clerk had turned off the gas, he would not allow him to relight, but went to the shelf on which he supposed it was, took the book and went home to enjoy it. On reaching home he opened the book in the middle. The words were strange and infamiliar, yet attracted his attention. He read on through to the end, then commenced and read it through by course. From the reading of "Paley's Evidence of Christianity," he rose a new man. His whole plans, his ambitions, were completely changed. Burning his library of infidel books, destroying as far as possible novels written by himself, renouncing the use of tobacco, he went out with the single ambition to save souls. His fine talents, his property, his soul he gave unreservedly to his Master, and from that hour to this right royally has he fulfilled the pledge given to a dying friend years before, "to study the Bible." Offering his services to the American Board he went out as a missionary to India. But he resigned his position, desiring to labor without pecuniary reward. From that time he has lived in Bombay, and devotes his whole time to the missionary work. He is Secretary of "The Book and Tract Society;" manages and controls the Bombay *Guardian*; preaches on the Sabbath in Mahratta, and also frequently on week days. A fine astronomical scholar and linguist, and accomplished musician, extemporizing the choicest music, a warm hearted, genial friend, a lover of children, with nothing harsh or ascetic in his nature, a devoted student to the Bible, he wields a vast power of good in that cosmopolitan city. How he lives, is a mystry. He has a continuing city, but no abiding place. His home for the night is in his office, and his days are to short for the good he aims to do. His own fortune he long ago expended in the missions work; legacies received he disposed of in the same way, and all the money he receives is consecrated to Christ's work. The magnetism of the man, the purity and nobility of his character, his simple heartedness and hearty love for souls, win the love of all, and he is cordially welcomed to the aristocratic homes of the English, German, and French residents of that city, at all hours, while Mussulman, Parse, Buddhist, and Hindoo, vie with each other in bestowing attention upon this devoted man. Even the rude native coachmen and boatmen are ready at all times to carry him without charge. He is a "Brother Bowen" to all, and he has a home most emphatically in the hearts of the people, and these privileges are used most faithfully for the advancement of true Christianity. He seems to walk within the shadow of unseen realities, and to know personally and intimately the Divine One. So pure and hallowed is his life, that strangers meeting him are awed into reverence by simple contact with him.

◆

The Battle Hymn.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe thus narrates the circumstances under which she composed her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic:"

"I was on a visit to Washington," she said, "during the first winter of the war, with Governor Andrew and other Massachusetts friends. We had been spending the day in the soldiers' camps on the Potomac, and I had heard the 'John Brown Hymn' sung and played so often that its strains were constantly sounding in my ears. As the words in use seemed an inadequate expression of the music, I wished very much for an inspiration which would provide a fitting rendition of so beautiful a theme; but it did not come, and I returned to bed. Early in the morning, before daybreak, I awoke, and my mind, in a half dreaming state, began at once to run upon the rythm of the 'John Brown Hymn.' Very soon the words commenced fitting themselves to its measure, and the lines spun themselves off without further effort. I said to myself 'now I shall lose all this, unless I get it down in black and white.' I arose, graped about in the dark, collected such stationary as may be found in the room of a Washington hotel, sat down and wrote, as I frequently do, without lighting a lamp, the poem called the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

◆

Assignment of Staff Officers—Stations of Officers and Troops.

The following are the latest assignments to the Department of the Lakes, Brig. Gen. P. St. George Cooke commanding, headquarters in Detroit.

Department Staff—Maj. Louis H. Pelouze, Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. A., Adjutant General; Maj. James J. Dana, Quartermaster U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster; Capt. John P. Hawkins, Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. A., Chief Commissary of Subsistence; Surgeon Eugene H. Abadie, U. S. A., Medical Director and Attending Surgeon; Maj. Henry C. Pratt, Paymaster U. S. A., Chief Paymaster.

Personal Staff—First Lieut. Wm. Atwood, Twenty-first Infantry, Aide-de-Camp; Second Lieut. Edward Davis, Third Artillery, Aide-de-Camp.

GOSSIP.

Henry Dickens, a son of Charles, has commenced to give public readings.

The infant son of Madame Parepa-Rosa died in England on the 28th of January.

Earl de Grey, one of the English Alabama claims Commissioners, is the Grand Master of Masons in England.

A Pennsylvania chemist proposes to evolve diamonds from petroleum. All the rival chemists make light of it.

The man who didn't believe in advertising has gone into partnership with the Sheriff, and they are going to have an auction.

An Iowa school teacher, a woman, has been discharged for forcing a big boy to show her how he kissed the girls in the woodhouse.

The new census of New York city is completed and gives 944,104 population, an increase of 17,763 names over the previous enumeration.

No part of the Northern Pacific Railroad Line will be more than ten or fifteen miles from good timber. This will greatly facilitate its construction.

It is estimated that the Northern Pacific Railroad can be constructed and fitted out completely at a cost a little over $85,000,000 or about $42,638 per mile.

Dr. Leopold Spier of New Haven, Conn., is one of the victims of the European war. He was in the surgeon corps, and died from severe labor and exposure.

A dog, which was shut up in a church, in Taunton, Mass., for five days, made sad havoc with the hymn-books in the vain search for something to appease the pangs of hunger.

It is thought the two most promising sites for great commercial trade now on the globe are at the Lake Superior and Pacific or Puget Sound termini of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Ricord, the celebrated Parisian physician, is said to be one of the most earnest of the Red Republicans, and to believe that Gambetta has more force than any other public man in France.

Fred. B. Perkins, one of the best magazine writers of the day, has taken up the idea of the fatherly Alcott, and will give twelve conversations on reading, at the New York Mercantile Library.

The wedding trip of a rural couple in Connecticut consisted of a ride into New Haven in their own wagon, and then a trip over the street railroad from one end to the other and back again.

A blast in a Vermont quarry, last week, in which seventeen kegs of powder were used, threw a block of marble forty feet long, thirty feet wide, and eighteen feet deep, thirty feet, and broke it into innumerable pieces.

Lincoln, Illinois, claims the "most beautiful girl in the United States." The tresses of the young lady in question are said to be "of that peculiar hue that a field of ripe wheat throws towards the setting sun."

Dr. Watt, of Guernsey, Ohio, died awhile ago, the victim of an enemy that got into his mouth and stole away his brains. His widow has sued a rum seller for $5,000 damages for selling her husband liquor, and the court has given her $2,500.

Two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, or one hundred and sixty millions of acres of territory in Minnesota, Dubois, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington will be commercially claimed by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

In Mobile, Alabama, a man married last week his seventh wife, a Mexican, having previously been united to German, French, English, Dutch, Irish and American women, all of whom died. He must indeed be cosmopolitan in his matrimonial tastes.

A new machine for taking off the hide of dead cattle will shortly be tried at Buenos Ayres. The operation is sharp, short and decisive, requiring only a minute for each hide. Cold air is forced by a pump between the flesh and the hide, and the thing is done.

Olivia, of the Philadelphia *Press*, is Mrs. Emily Briggs, the wife of a clerk in the House of Representatives, and the mother of two interesting boys. She lived in Washington a dozen winters before she began to give the world the benefit of her Capital experience.

A new Chinese temple has just been finished in San Francisco. Before it was opened for worship a wooden effigy of a horse, supposed to belong to the gate keeper of hell, was burned, and afterward the effigy of the gate keeper himself was set in flames, in order to keep the evil spirit away.

We cannot vouch for the truth of the statement that a Democratic editor out West declares that of course we don't want San Domingo, because it is only a big rock situated south of Florida, in the Mediterranean Sea, being a hilly climate, and unable to support life with any degree of comfort.

A few months ago a little girl in Hyde Park, Mass., swallowed a cut glass button and soon after was taken quite sick. Physicians failed to relieve her, and a post-mortem examination showed that her death was from chronic irritation of the intestines, caused by the glass button which she had swallowed.

Richard Adams Locke, who died on Staten Island, Friday, was an old newspaper worker, and made himself famous 35 years ago, as the author of the Moon Hoax, which was published in the New York *Sun*, professing to give a detailed account of Herchel's discovery at the Cape of Good Hope, whereby he found the moon inhabited by winged men.

The supporters of the theory that what we want, rather than what we have, is the measure of wealth, may find comfort in this: that last week, Augustus Schenck hung himself in Detroit because he had no money, and Levi Holt hung himself at North Reading, Mass., because, though he was worth $100,000, he was afraid that he would come to want.

A Connecticut woman discussing the enfranchisement of women takes this view: "I wonder whether women ought not to be enfranchised because she can bear children. It strikes me that it is an entirely new view of the case, and I claim the honor of discovery. The bearing of children is quite as important to the interests of a nation as the bearing of arms, and much more painful; therefore women have a right to vote."

Rev. Dr. Deems, in the course of his remarks at the funeral of Alice Cary, said: "Men loved Alice Cary, and women loved her. When a man loves a woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace—of the grace that woman makes by her loveliness; and it is one of the finest things that can be said of Alice Cary, that she had such troops of friends of her own sex."

A negro who sued a Chicago saloon keeper for $2,500 damages, for putting him out of his saloon after his refusal to comply with a request to leave, has been awarded one cent. The Court instructed the jury that the proprietor had the legal right to remove the plaintiff from his restaurant by force, without giving any reason therefor, if the plaintiff refused or neglected to go when requested.

It is said that the President has signified to Admiral Porter that their intercourse for the future must be purely formal and official in character.

A richly-dressed Spanish lady in Virginia City, Nevada, beat the driver of a wagon over the head with a big stick, the other day, for splashing mud over her.

It is said that there are 500 persons in Stamford, Conn., named Schofield, and a curious gentleman has found 2,500 of that name in the town records.

As M. Bonhomme, leather merchant of Quebec, was standing talking with a friend on Monday last, he dropped suddenly, stone dead. He was sixty years of age.

There are in San Francisco two thousand persons engaged in making cigars. Of these, one hundred are Americans, and nineteen hundred Chinese, many of the latter being women and boys.

The consumption of artificial flowers of all kinds in the United States amounts to something over $15,000,000 worth annually. They have been made chiefly in France, but should be made in this country.

Daniel Drew, being on one of his own steamers not long ago, was accosted by a passenger who took him for one of the crew, with, "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," said Uncle Daniel, quietly, "the boat belongs to me."

Mr. Longfellow, of North Vassalboro, Me., has been stricken with paralysis of the throat, drawing his tongue down in such a manner that he is unable to eat or partake of but little nourishment, and fears are entertained that he will starve to death.

It is rather inconvenient for people to know too much. A savant, learned in comparative anatomy, while partaking, not long ago, of a savory dish, supposed to consist of "chicken fixins," found on his plate a bone, which he recognized as the thigh bone of a cat.

The Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Review* does not "know of any drug which would produce the immediate yet temporary insensibility which is popularly supposed to follow the use of drugged liquors," and is of the opinion that the talk about liquor having been drugged is only a sort of apology for having been drunk.

In 1859, Yokohama, Japan, had scarcely an existence, and its small trade was controlled by the Dutch. Now, seventy five or one hundred vessels are commonly in port, small ferry steamers are constantly flying to and fro from Yeddo, besides numerous coaches, while a telegraph has just been started, and a railway is in construction. Then, little more than foreign medicines were in native use; now, all articles of foreign merchandise abound, while the foreign dress and style of house building are being adopted by the natives. Two extensive foundries and many docks have been built, and the tailors at Yeddo, and beyond, use American sewing machines. The advance in educational interests is even greater.

There is talk of providing another manufacturing town on the Merrimac, by damming the river at Hunt's Falls, between Bradford and Methuen. This dam would reduce the river to nearly the condition of a hugh canal, adapted to steam navigation. Already the dam at Lawrence has had this effect up to Lowell, the rise at Lawrence overcoming the tide and giving a sheet of beautiful still water, nowhere less than six feet deep to within a mile or two of Lowell. A dam at Hunt's Falls would do the same for the water from that point to Lawrence, with even deeper water. Then the removal of a few and very slight obstals would give us a clear channel to Haverhill with eight or ten feet of water.

The Rev. Dr. Prime who has recently returned from his foreign tour, furnishes this amusing incident of the trip: They have strange chambermaids at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. The one who waited in our room, and attended to all the various duties of the calling, even to make the beds, was a French gentleman, dressed as if for a dinner party (white vest and dress coat), and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One of the ladies, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid. This gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor or his chief clerk, she again expressed her wish to have him call the chambermaid. He very politely replied, in the best English he could command, "Madame, I am she."

◆

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In the 1st Ohio district in 1870, 323,484 barrels of whiskey were rectified.

William C. Gibbs, Governor of Rhode Island from 1821 to 1824, died at Newport on the 21st, aged 84 years.

The total number of hogs packed this season in Chicago up to this date is 886,566, and the packers are still at work.

The negro population of Virginia, the old Dominion and West Virginia, has fallen off in ten years thirty-six thousand.

A vein of coal six feet thick has been found within three miles from Edwardsville, Ill., on the Decatur and Illinois Railroad.

The large saw mill of J. S. Keator, at Moline, Ill., was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of the 20th. Loss $30,000; insurance $7,000.

Thomas McDonald, of Janesville, Iowa, was run over and instantly killed by the western bound train on the Sioux City Railroad on the 20th. The body was literally torn to shreds.

A young man named Ebert Living, while examining a pistol on the piazza of of his father's house at Carlinville, Ill., on the 20th, accidentally discharged it, shooting his brother aged 16, who died in a few hours.

Last Tuesday a mail car on the Toledo and Warsaw Railroad was taken into the car shop at Peoria, Ill., for repairs, and upon removing the board at the back of the hopper, twenty-nine letters and a considerable number of newspapers were found. Some of them were posted in 1869.

The Flint and Pere Marquette railroad company has contracted for 6,500 tons of rails, all to be delivered between May and November along the line of the Holly, Wayne and Monroe road, which the former corporation has undertaken to build from Holly to Monroe.

The funeral of Edward H. Simmons, better known as Doc Simmons, engineer, who was killed in the New Hamburg disaster, took place on the 21st inst., in New York, from the Protestant Episcopal Church, (the Holy Apostle). The church was filled with people, and a large crowd gathered at 9th avenue. The greatest sympathy was manifested for the family of the deceased, and in respect for his heroism. Rev. Dr. Lundy officiated, assisted by Rev. William Lenis. No funeral oration was made. After the reciting of the prayers, usual to the Episcopal church, the remains were borne for interment to Trinity Cemetery by four engineers and fourteen firemen. Among the latter was Salton who jumped off the ill-fated train.

A Galveston despatch says of General Magruder's death:

Gen. Magruder had been unwell a week previously, but his illness was not considered dangerous until within two days of his death. About 8 o'clock Friday night he became delerious and at 3 o'clock Saturday morning he breathed his last. The funeral took place from the Episcopal church. The pall-bearers were Major B. A. Potts, Capt. E. P. Turner, Dr. Louis R. Bryan, Col. L. Lorgescope, Col. L. H. Cushing, E. W. Burke, Col. Shannon, John Shearn and Robert Brewster. The remains were then followed to the Episcopal cemetery. The last conversation the General is known to have had was on Friday, the day previous to his death, with an employee of the hotel. After sending a message to a distant relative, resident in this city, the General said, probably in reply to a question, "I don't think I am long for this world." There was no display about the funeral obsequies.

In the suit of Richmond & Jackson, proprietors of the Dubuque elevator, against the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as lessees of the Dubuque and Sioux City railroad, for violation of contract in not giving the elevator the handling of all through grain at one cent a bushel till September, 1875, Judge Brayton, of the District Court at Dubuque, has rendered judgment against the railroad company for $57,750, as damages for two years prior to May 1, 1870, and decides that the railroad company is liable for the one cent a bushel from that time to the expiration of the contract, deducting the cost of handling the grain in the elevator. If this decision is sustained it will compel the railroad to pay about a quarter of a million of dollars for the violation of the contract. The defendants will carry the case into the Supreme Court.

The Davenport *Gazette* says: "A novel method of manufacturing soft soap has been inadvertently invented by a venerable couple in Scott county. On the sideboard they kept two jugs, exactly alike. One was filled with vinegar, the other with lye. Pouring out what she supposed was vinegar, the good dame took a drink of lye. Turning to her husband, she remarked that something was the matter with that vinegar. Thinking that her taste was perverted, he, too, took a big drink. Presently their throats and mouths began to burn, and an examination of jugs revealed the fact that they had been drinking strong lye. To ally the pain, they took some oil. This combined of course, and made soft soap. The soap-suds swelled up to and out of their mouths, foaming like a washerwoman's tub. While they were discussing the theory of swallowing an Irish girl and a scrub broom, and following up the dose with a few buckets of rinse-water, a medical gentlemen happened to call who gave them some medicine which afforded relief. They were seriously ill for several days, and for three weeks had great difficulty in taking food.

A NEW

FARMERS' PAPER.

THE AMERICAN

Farm Journal!

A PRACTICAL PAPER

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE

HORTICULTURE AND

HOME INTERESTS!

We have commenced the publication of a new paper, devoted to the interests of the Farm, the Garden and the Home, and are perfecting such arrangements as will render it one of the most valuable Agricultural Journals published in the United States. The AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL will be

Eminently Practical

In all its various departments, containing in a plain and intelligible form, the results of the observations, experiments and labors of Practical Farmers, Stock Growers, Gardeners, Housekeepers, etc., in all parts of the country. Every question of interest to the great producing classes will receive proper notice and comment; and all improvements in modes of culture, machinery, implements, grains, fruits, &c., &c., will be promptly laid before our readers.

In the Department of

Household Economy,

As in all other Departments of the AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL, we shall aim at the practical and the useful rather than the theoretical and visionary—giving in every number information that will be worth to every reader many times the cost of a year's subscription.

THE AMERICAN

FARM JOURNAL

Will be elegantly printed on fine white paper each number will contain sixteen pages of four columns each; it will be handsomely illustrated with engravings of farming machinery, implements, stock, fruits, flowers, &c., and will be in all respects a first-class journal for the Farm and the Home.

TERMS:

Having determined to secure for the AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL the largest circulation of any periodical of its class in the United States, we have decided to place the price of subscription within the reach of every family in the country.

One copy, one year...... 75cts

The Farm Journal and the Blade!

The FARM JOURNAL and the TOLEDO BLADE will both be sent to any address for two dollars and twenty-five cents (per year); and the FARM JOURNAL will be sent for one year to persons who are at present subscribers to the BLADE, on receipt of seventy-five cents.

Address

MILLER, LOCKE & CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

To Lovers of Music

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MUSIC PUBLISHED.

Whitney's Ten Cent Series

3 Pieces of First Class Music Ten Cents!

30 Pieces of First Class Music for $1.00!

W. W. WHITNEY

Toledo, Ohio,

Has now ready Ten Numbers of his Ten Cent Musical Series. Each number contains three pieces of first-class music. The first piece of each number is a popular song, with Piano accompaniment—the other two are popular choruses.

The following is the list:

No. 1.

"ROOM AMONG THE ANGELS."

"THE BRIGHT FOREVERMORE."

"WHO'LL BE FOR JESUS?"

No. 2.

"DOWN BY THE SAD SEA SHORE."

"ROUND THE THRONE OF GLORY."

"GLORIOUS KINGDOM."

No. 3.

"BONNIE LITTLE BURRNIE"—S

"MEET ME BEYOND THE RIVER."

"EARY CHILD I'LL GIVE YOU REST."

No. 4.

"BONNIE HIGHLAND LASSIE."

"A KISS FOR A BLOW."

"BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH."

No. 5.

"WEEP NO MORE O'ER ALLIE'S GRAVE."

"COME INTO CHRIST'S ARMY."

"MY HOME FAR AWAY."

No. 6.

"BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW."

"DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SING."

"WE'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES"—Temperance.

No. 7.

"CROWN PRINCE GRAND MARCH."

"SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER."

"OVER IN THE PROMISED LAND."

No. 8.

"LITTLE KATY'S FIRST WALTZ."

"BY-AND-BY."

"GOD IS MY FATHER I KNOW."

No. 9.

"SILVER SPRING SCHOTTISCHE."

"THE BIBLE SAYS WE MAY."

"HAIL THE GLORIOUS DAWNING."

No. 10.

"DON'T KICK A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN."

"WE COME WITH SONG."

"JESUS' LITTLE LAMB."

The ten numbers sent securely wrapped to any address in the United States or Canada, on receipt of

ONE DOLLAR!

Or any one number on receipt of Ten Cents.

30 000 each of the first three numbers been already sold.

30 Pieces of Music for $1.

Send in your orders quickly. Address

W. W. WHITNEY,

TOLEDO OHIO.

[illegible]

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Revolving Kaliedoscope.—$1.50 Holiday sensation, giving [illegible] different comical and entertaining dissolving views, constructed of the best material and on scientific principles. Sent free by mail, complete in a case, to any address on receipt of price, $1.50. Send 3 cent stamp for catalogue of magic goods most suitable in the market. Address BARKLEY & CO., 34 John st., N. Y. dec29wtf

GETTING UP CLUBS.

GREAT SAVING TO CONSUMERS.

Parties enquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price List, and a Club form will accompany it with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO

31 & 33 VESEY STREET,

[illegible] P. O. BOX 5643, NEW YORK.

Royal Havana Lottery

of Cuba.

Conducted by the Spanish Government. $100,000 in gold drawn every 17 days. Prizes cashed and information furnished. The highest rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver. TAYLOR & CO. Bankers, No. 16 Wall st., New York. [illegible]

$1,000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles that De BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It has cured cases of 20 years standing. Try it and get rid of the most troublesome disease flesh is heir to. Sold by all Druggists. Laboratory—142 Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. [illegible]

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1871

Terms of Subscription.

THE WEEKLY BLADE

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail, at the following rates:

One Copy, one year	$2 00
" " six months	1 00
" " three months	50
Clubs of five	$1 75 each.
" ten or more	1 50 "

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

ON TRIAL.—In order to introduce the BLADE where it is not now known, we will send it ON TRIAL, in clubs of five or more, three months, for fifty cents each, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.

Rates of Advertising!

IN THE

WEEKLY BLADE

Ordinary advertisements (Nonpariel solid) 50 cents per line, each insertion.

Special Notices (Nonpariel leaded) 70 cents per line, each insertion.

Editorial or Business Notices, (Minion leaded,) 80 cents per line, each insertion.

Twelve lines Nonpariel solid make one inch.

The average number of words (Nonpariel solid) in an inch is 90; 22 inches make a column.

Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent. additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objectionable advertisements not accepted.

OUR NEW STORY!

Everybody ought to read the splendid New Story to be commenced in the BLADE early next month.

'Was She Right or Wrong?"

Read the Story and see whether *you* can answer the question.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

In order to secure this Story complete, names should be sent in at once.

TRIAL TRIP.

To accommodate those who don't know just what kind of a paper the BLADE is, and want to try it for a short time, we will send it for three months for fifty cents, and an extra copy to every person sending in five such subscriptions.

◆

THE COMMISSION IN SAN DOMINGO.

The anxiety concerning the fate of the *Tennessee* has given the San Domingo question an interest in the public mind which newspaper discussion and the merits of the question itself could not possibly have aroused. The first installment of correspondence, therefore, contained in the New York papers, has been read with an interest beyond that of fiction. This correspondence throws much light upon the subject already, and whatever may be its effect in impressing the public mind either favorably or unfavorably as to annexation, it will create an impression favorable to the candor and honesty of President BAEZ. A fact of chief importance developed during the first interview between the Commission and the President is that the opponents of BAEZ and the adherents of CABRAL are not Dominicans but Haytians. The force which has been understood to consist of Dominicans in insurrection against BAEZ, is said to be composed mainly of Haytians and foreigners under the command of a Haytian General. The demonstration made by this force is with the aid of the Haytian Government, and is made to prevent the union of the Dominican Republic with the United States.

This fact, it seems to us, affords one of the strongest considerations which can be urged against the annexation of San Domingo. The Haytians, occupying one-half of the island, are opposed to the transfer of any part of it to a strong and outside power. What effect an actual transfer would have in awing the Haytians we cannot say, but it is probable that the Dominican border would be subject to the same incursions and troubles after annexation as before. We should thus probably have for some years to come a duplicate of our Indian wars, requiring the constant presence of a considerable and expensive force to protect our newly-made citizens. Peace can only be assured by the annexation of the whole island, and this cannot be done at present with the consent of the inhabitants. The Dominican half of the island therefore does not appear to be worth what it would cost us to govern it. The chief argument in favor of the acquisition is the need of a naval station in the West Indies, but it is questionable whether even this is worth the price. Besides, the lease or purchase of the bay of Samana will afford us a coaling station for the present and we can well afford to wait until the entire island can be annexed, or until some other one can be acquired at less cost.

◆

KU KLUX.

We invite the attention of persons about to emigrate South, and especially of those Democratic editors who do not believe in the existence of the Ku Klux, to the despatch stating that three members of the South Carolina Legislature are in Washington asking the President for troops to put down the Ku Klux bands and reciting a number of murders and outrages which they have committed. Also to the paragraph in the Congressional report stating that a petition was presented from citizens of Alabama asking for protection against the Ku Klux outrages and expressing a preference for military rule over the present unsettled and insecure state. The civil authorities are either unable or unwilling to punish these assassins, and it is said that the militia are powerless to suppress them. The new fact is stated by the delegation that the bands are composed of rebel soldiers who have never disbanded. One good indication in South Carolina is that both parties are now joining to demand the suppression of these outrages. If the whole Democratic press of the South would join with the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in demanding the arrest and punishment of the Ku Klux, and the Democracy of the South would discountenance their outrages and assist in bringing them to justice, their suppression would be speedy.

THE COAL FAMINE.

The effect of the Pennsylvania strike is felt in New York where the coal famine is beginning to pinch. Coal is quoted in some yards at $12 to $12.50 per ton, and the dealers are of course encouraging a coal panic. The result of the suspension has therefore been to enrich the operators and dealers and to impoverish and distress the miners. The operators alone are said to have made $4,000,000 by the rise in the price of coal consequent upon the suspension. But the effect, as we have heretofore shown, cannot be confined to those immediately connected with the mines. The workingmen of New York and Philadelphia are now suffering to the extent of the rise in coal, and if a number of manufactories should be compelled to suspend in Pennsylvania, as is anticipated, a large number of workmen will be thrown out of employment. The miners, under the dictation of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, have thus subjected themselves to starvation and rags, and the innumerable evils which grow out of idleness, in order to enrich the operators.

The question as to who is to blame for the suspension is one of the most important connected with the subject and does not appear to be well settled. The Workingmen's Benevolent Association throws the blame upon the operators. Ostensibly the miners are to blame, for the suspension was their own, that is, the operators did not suspend and throw the miners out of employment. But it is said that the companies have systematized strikes so that they can command them in their own interest whenever they have a surplus of coal which they wish to dispose of at high prices. The anthracite companies of Pennsylvania, it is said, are the lessees or owners of the canals and railroads by which the coal is transported to market, so that they are absolute masters of the situation. They have it in their power to decree the price of mining and the price of coal in the market, and to enforce their decrees by cutting off both mining and transportation.

Wherever the blame rests, it is evident that strikes are not the miners' remedy. The capital of the operators has harnessed strikes and is making them work in its service. Instead of being a source of injury to the companies, these suspensions enrich them and damage only the workmen. How to remedy this state of things, how to balance more nearly the inter-dependence of capital and labor, is one of the problems which the industrial interests of the world have yet to solve.

One of the amusing phases of this question is that which attributes the power and extortion of the companies to the duty on bituminous coal. At most, this can only tend to increase their profits to the extent of the duty, but it can have nothing to do with the exclusion of competition by a monopoly of the coal mines and of lines of transportation. With or without duty, the Pennsylvania coal companies would to a great extent control the coal market, and turn the strikes of the miners to their profit.

◆

OPINION MANUFACTURE BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

We have had occasion, once or twice, to remark upon the inexcusable tendency of the newsgatherers of the Associated Press to go outside of their legitimate vocation of simply reporting facts, to introduce their opinions and prejudices in regard to questions of public or private concern. We have before us another illustration of the evil we have before complained of. This morning's report contained the following in relation to the work of the investigating Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern:

> "NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The Sub Committee appointed to select experts to examine the books and clear up the existing muddle in the Methodist Book Concern have not yet been able to choose their agents, *but are moving in a mysterious way among themselves and decline letting the public know what they are about.*"

We submit that it is not the business of the newsgatherers of the Associated Press to offer any criticisms, or pass censures, by innuendo or otherwise, on the manner in which the members of the Methodist denomination attend to their own business. The words we have italicized in the above despatch convey reflections on the eminent and worthy gentlemen of the sub-committee which the Associated Press is not authorized to make. This is on the assumption that the insinuations conveyed are not wholly untrue. If they shall be found to be unwarranted and false the outrage will be still greater. Aside from the fact that the committee have a perfect right to pursue their work in any manner they please, and to take as much time as they choose in doing it, and to be entirely free from all impertinent insinuations from outside parties, the Associated Press is entirely out of the line of its duty when it assumes to cast slurs on men for doing their own work in their own way. If the Committee refused to gratify its reporters with a full detail of news, they have no right to complain, and to retaliate by cowardly insinuations for failing thus to gratify them is an outrage to which neither they nor the public should submit.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place, is a motto which applies to all departments of business. The Associated Press has its distinct vocation, in which it has a wide field for usefulness. But it is no part of its calling to manufacture opinion or to forge criticisms. That duty the journals to which it ministers prefer to perform, each for itself, as it may deem best. It is no part of its duty to unite up or write down the Methodist Book Concern, or give currency to the personal or political opinions of its reporters.

◆

In Washington Territory, a region which will be reached by the Northern Pacific road, there are twenty thousand square miles of as fine grazing lands as can be found on the globe. Snow falls so lightly that the grazing is not interfered with during the winter and the grass is of the most nutritious quality.

◆

W. W. WHITNEY, the popular music publisher of this city, offers more good music for a small sum of money than any house in the country. Thirty pieces for one dollar! and they are from the pen of one of the most popular writers of the day. Send him a dollar and get the full set.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ONE of the strongest analogical arguments which we have seen against the woman movement, is taken from a bird sketch published in a recent number of a magazine. The male bird cannot successfully take the place of the female, and, arguing from nature, neither can the male of the human species. This argument is mentioned solely for the benefit of those who think that the success of the women movement involves a change of spheres or places. The sketch referred to says:

> The apteryx belongs to the ostrich tribe, and it is one of the ways of these birds for the male to incubate the eggs. Having procured a male bird he took promptly to his social duty, as regarded from the struthious point of view, and squatted closely upon one of the huge eggs, which was placed between his feet, so that its long axis was parallel to that of his body. After sticking faithfully to his work for six weeks, with no legitimate result, the exhausted kiwi died a martyr to the cause.

IN some remarks recently upon the marriage of the Princess LOUISE with the Marquis of Lorne, we predicted before long a still greater step toward social democracy, and that royal like noble blood would soon be found uniting with that of the middle classes. If a current rumor is correct, this is to be fulfilled sooner than we anticipated. The report is that the Duke of Edinburg is to marry the daughter of a wealthy London banker. We owe much of this democratic tendency to the good sense of Queen VICTORIA. Whether the middle classes will be benefitted by an infusion of royal blood is a question which has two sides, but the establishment of the custom will bring relief to the sons and daughters of royal families who have heretofore been limited in their choice to their own royal circle. Think of a man being limited in his choice of a mate to the Princesses of Europe!

THOSE opposed to vaccination recently secured a fact in their favor in the death of two children in New York State, and the serious illness of several others, from poison contained in the virus used in their vaccination. This is no uncommon result, and it is asserted by good authority that hereditory diseases and infirmities, even scrofula and insanity, are not unfrequently engrafted upon the constitution by the use of matter taken from the human body. Notwithstanding these facts, the authorities in many portions of the United States and Europe compel vaccination by law, since it is thought that as a preventive of a most loathsome epidemic, its good effects overbalance its evil ones. The small-pox epidemic now raging in London seems to come to the support of the advocates of vaccination. It is attributed to the anti-vaccination movement of several years ago, and it is said that ninety per cent. of the cases where vaccination was neglected prove fatal. The vaccination question might be settled, or a compromise might be effected between the two parties, by prohibiting the use of matter taken from the human body.

MISS KATE FIELD, who, if we mistake not, is to lecture here, is delivering a lecture upon DICKENS in which she undertakes to tell why he did not attend church. She says: "It was true that he did not frequent the church, but this was because the sermons in vogue did not please him. It was impossible for him to sit through the traditional stilted religious essay, droned mechanically from the pulpit. His church was God's beautiful world, not the narrow walls of man's tabernacle. If such was heathenism, let us all be heathens." This is pre-eminently in the transcendental strain. This is pre eminently the spirit of which some one says that it has "great soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but don't pay cash." The Christian religion is essentially practical, and is expressed and made effective by means, while it is at the same time spiritual. The means appointed both for propagating the religion and for securing its benefits, are the preaching of the Gospel and public worship. But Miss FIELDS, and those who claim, like her, to have "advanced" religious views, have come to look upon the pulpit as a mere lecture platform, and the sermon as not worth hearing unless it be a brilliant or original intellectual effort. Mr. DICKENS, according to Miss FIELDS, went to church as he went to hear a lecture, and it was with him not a question of duty at all, but of pleasure or entertainment. Not finding the entertainment up to the demands of his "nature," he chose to remain away from church.

This is of course only Miss FIELD's way of accounting for the novelist's non-attendance. DICKENS was a Christian in spirit as his works abundantly show, and was, as we have had occasion to say before, the first novelist to put true Christianity and Democracy into fiction. It is therefore to be regretted that he did not appreciate more fully the *means* by which the religion of his heart is propagated and perpetuated. And certainly, he could have found in London preachers who could have not only moved his heart but entertained his intellect. A man who cannot sit through a sermon by NEWMAN HALL or SPURGEON, must indeed have a nature of lofty demands.

THE subject of electro-motive force is just now attracting unusual attention on both sides of the Atlantic. A very interesting letter from Professor HIGHTON has appeared in the *Chemical News* in which the difference between the force of gravitation and electro-motive force is dwelt upon. The chief difference is thus stated: "That the force of gravitation between two bodies varies inversely as the square of the distance between them, whereas electro-motive force is equal at all distances." That is, the electro motive force developed between a plate of zinc and one of copper one-tenth of an inch apart is the same as if one plate were in England and one in America. The experiment has been tried with plates ten miles apart and the force is found to be the same as when the plates are one-tenth of an inch apart. Another important difference is that while the force of gravity acts only in straight lines, electro-motive force appears to be wholly indifferent as to how torturous its course may be. This is the difference of most practical importance, for the force can be increased to any extent by increasing the coils of wire which connect the plates. In the case of all other forces known, there must be an increase of that which originates the force if we wish to increase the work obtained, but in electro-motive force, the work to be obtained from a pound of zinc is limited only by the number of convolutions of wire which connect the plates. That is, by simply increasing the length of the conductor, and thus increasing the time and space through which the current acts, the work obtained can be increased to any extent. Thus the consumption of the plates appears to act only as an impulse, and the amount of work to be obtained does not depend upon the consumption of an equivalent of force, but upon the distance which the current is made to traverse.

It wants, therefore, only apparatus for applying this electro-motive force to practical uses, to effect the most wonderful revolution in motive power which the world has ever seen or is likely to see. The most important revolution will be in the expense of generating the power. Apparatus which has been used in England and in this country for applying a two horse power to machinery, has been worked at a cost of only ten cents for twenty-four hours. This is at the rate of five cents for each horse-power, or five dollars for running an electro-motive engine of one hundred horse-power. A second great advantage would be the increased security, for there can be no danger of boiler explosions, and the danger of fire would be greatly lessened. In ocean steamers, the gain in space and tonnage would be very large, for the electro-motive engine would be much lighter than the ponderous two or three story steam engines, and the space now devoted to fuel would be saved. Stations of wood and water would be dispensed with upon our railroads, and the advocates of the annexation of San Domingo would lose one of their chief arguments, for coaling stations for either naval or merchant vessels would be superfluous.

A moment's thought will show how extensive the revolution wrought would be, reaching into all our commercial and industrial pursuits. The question of fuel supply would be forever settled, as the coal of the world would be reserved for domestic uses and hence the supply would be inexhaustible. Even England would have in her mines enough to supply her long beyond the period when she would have a national existence and speculations as to the coal supply would cease.

But the question of chief interest in connection with this subject is the one which BONAPARTE asked of his engineer, "Is it practicable?" The *Journal of the Telegraph* gives some interesting facts bearing upon this point. The editor recently saw at the works of Mr. H. W. PAYNE, of Newark, N. J., an electro-motive engine in operation. On a small shelf was a Daniels battery of four cells. Beneath this, firmly bolted to the floor, was an iron circular frame, eighteen inches in diameter, the width of the ring being five inches. In this rim five apertures were cut into which five iron cores, coiled with wire, were set. In the interior of the rim was a wheel on the rim of which six additional magnets were set. From the shaft of this magnet wheel a belt connected with a wheel shaft on the ceiling, and this ceiling shaft was connected by a belt with a circular saw on a bench. On starting the battery, great rapidity of motion was given to the machinery, and two men weighing 170 pounds each endeavored in vain to stop the motion of the wheels by the pressure of a concave break. Pieces of wood were sawed without apparently disturbing the rapidity and evenness of the motion. This engine can be run at a cost of less than half a cent an hour.

Are we upon the dawn of a great revolution in motive power? Both theory and experiment say that we are, and, the *Journal* says "we may yet see the Atlantic crossed by huge vessels, propelled without an ounce of coal, by a power the initiative of which the captain may place beside his writing desk in his cabin, which a child can apply, and the littlest finger may stop."

THERE is a statement in our despatches from the Postoffice Department that the cost of the overland service before the completion of the Pacific Railroad was $8,000,000 annually. Since the road was completed, the annual cost has been $5,000,000, showing an annual saving of $3,000,000. It would be interesting to estimate how long it would take the Pacific Railroad to pay for the land granted to secure its construction, at this rate of $3,000,000 annually. At the present government rate of $1.25 per acre, this is equivalent to the sale of 2,400,000 acres annually.

IT is not every day that the BLADE receives voluntary contributions of poetry of a high order. The following lines are so much above the average that we give them editorial prominence. They have a lyric fire and swing which is in admirable keeping with the subject, and have moreover a freshness of interest, from the recentness of the event, which makes them all the more appropriate for newspaper publication:

[For the BLADE.]

THE RAILROAD HOLOCAUST.

BY WILL. M. CARLETON.

Over the length of the beaten track,
Into the darkness, deep and black,
Heavy and fast
Like a mountain blast,
With scream of whistle and clang of gong,
The great train rattled and thundered along.

Travelers, cushioned and sheltered, sat,
Passing the time with doze and chat;
Thinking of naught
With danger fraught,
Whiling the hours with whim or song;
As the great train rattled and thundered along.

Covered and still, the sleepers lay,
Lost to the dangers of the way;
Wandering back,
Adown life's track,
A thousand dreamy scenes among;
And the great train rattled and thundered along.

Heavily breathed the man of care;
Lightly slept the maiden fair;
And the mother pressed
Unto her breast
Her beautiful babes, with yearning strong;
And the great train rattled and thundered along.

Shading his eyes with his brawny hand,
Danger ahead the driver scanned;
And he turned the steam;
For the red light's gleam
Flashed warning to him there was something wrong;
But the great train rattled and thundered along.

"Down the brakes!" was the driver's shout;
"Down the brakes!" rang the whistle out;
But the speed was high,
And the danger nigh,
And Death was waiting, with altar and pyre;
And the train dashed into a river of fire.

Into the night the red flames gleamed;
High they crackled and leaped and streamed;
And the great train loomed
Like a monster doomed
In the midst of the flames and their vengeful ire
In the glowing tide of a river of fire.

Roused the sleeper within his bed;
A crash, a plunge, and a gleam of red,
And the sweltering heat
Of his winding sheet
Clung round his form with an agony dire,
And he moaned and died in a river of fire.

And they who were spared from the fearful death,
Thanked God for life, with quickened breath;
And groaned that too late
From their terrible fate
To rescue their comrades was their desire;
They sank in a river of death and fire.

Pity for those who woke and died,
And sank in the river's merciless tide;
And blessings enfold
The driver bold,
Who, daring for honor, and not for hire,
Went down with his train in the river of fire.

Hillsdale, Michigan.

WE had occasion to say at the time the armistice was agreed upon that it meant peace, and that the Germans very well knew this or they would not have granted it. There seems no longer any doubt that terms of peace have been concluded and signed, and if the conditions are as stated in the despatches they are milder than were expected. Alsace and Metz are ceded, without Lorraine, and the indemnity asked is five milliards of francs. It is also stated that the German army will not march through Paris, but will only enter the Southern portion of the city. The Germans can well afford to be as mild as is consistent with future security and to refrain from any triumphal demonstrations which might exasperate and further humiliate the French. Their victory is as complete as any modern ruler could ask, and when the political and moral results of the war are considered, they have every reason for great satisfaction, for so admirably have the results been overruled to the advantage and advancement of the world that all nations except France find cause for political or religious congratulation. Protestantism cannot overlook the fact that the chief Catholic nation of Europe has ceased to be the chief nation of the continent, that henceforth the nation holding the supremacy is predominantly Protestant, and that the temporal power of the Papacy has been overthrown. Italy has the Germans to thank for the consummation of the long-sought Italian unity, and the German States have the war to thank for that German unity which has so long been the aspiration of the German people. The war has not been without its compensations to all parties, unless it be to the Imperialist party of France, for, however unsatisfactory it may be to the religious feelings of the Italians to have a Catholic nation lose the supremacy, they secure political union in compensation, and however humiliating it may be to the Liberals of France to be conquered by Germany, they are compensated by the overthrow of the Bonapartist dynasty.

The result cannot but be satisfactory to a large portion of Americans, especially to those who foresaw at the outset the issues involved and predicted the triumph of the Germans. Among the journals which have allowed no phase of the contest to escape discussion, and whose position the result has verified and vindicated, the BLADE has been one, as our readers can testify. We have regarded the war as a war for the advancement of great principles, a contest between Absolutism and Liberalism, and not as a mere war of dynasties for personal and family ends. In one respect, the principle was precisely that which was involved in our own civil war, viz., the principle of unity, the desire for which seems to have taken possession of the nations of the world and to be the distinguishing and unitizing principle of modern wars. We have not been among those who anticipated either a German or a French Republic as one of the results of the contest, believing either impossible at present with such strong imperialistic and monarchical elements in both countries. We have anticipated, however, a great gain for the principle of constitutional and parliamentary government and this we still anticipate, for although Germany is now an Empire the government will be of the parliamentary form, and although the form of the French government is not yet determined, there is every reason to hope that it will be a constitutional monarchy and that France may be done forever with personal government. The Liberal party the world over has certainly good reason to be satisfied with the results of the war.

◆

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 22d, a petition was presented from citizens of Alabama praying for protection against Ku Klux outrages, and expressing a preference for military rule to their present unprotected condition. The Indian appropriation bill was discussed and various amendments were adopted. Without disposing of the bill, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the Deficiency bill was discussed and passed. The bill appropriates $10,677,525, which includes the following items: For reporting and publishing debates, $120,000; for New York Postoffice, $500,000; Boston Postoffice, in addition to the unexpended balance for the purchase of a site, $64,278; Court House at Madison, Wis., $21,899; Court House at Portland, Me., $20,079; Appraiser's store at Philadelphia, $40,000; public printing, paper and binding, $225,000; for cavalry and artillery horses, $200,000; army clothing and camp equipage, $100,000; army contingencies, $150,000; army medical supplies, $100,000; army pay and mileage and clothing, $2,045,000; Quartermaster General's department, $755,000; Freedmen's Bureau, $140,000; collecting revenue from imports for the half year, $275,000—last item not included in the aggregate. The item for the New York Postoffice was read as follows: For continuing work on the building for Postoffice and Custom House in New York city, to be applied only to finishing the foundations and up to and including the sill course, and receiving and setting the granite for the first story above that course, $500,000.

In the Senate, on the 23d, the House joint resolution relating to the McGarrahan claim was received and laid on the table. The House bill extending the provisions of the 55th section of the banking act of June, 1864, punishing embezzlement by bank officers, to banks organized under the provisions of the banking act of February, 1863, was passed. The bill amendatory of the bounty bill was passed. It is as follows: That all soldiers who were mustered into the service of the United States for three years, between May 4 and July 22, 1861, and who were honorably discharged before serving two years, by reason of disability contracted in the service, are entitled to receive $100 bounty. A resolution from the Michigan Legislature was presented in reference to extending the operations of the extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States, so as to include a larger class of criminals. The bill for the relief of the distillers of brandy from grapes was indefinitely postponed. The Indian appropriation bill was passed. Adjourned.

In the House, the bill extending the time for completing the Portage Lake and Lake Superior Canal was taken up. A bill making appropriations for works of defence was passed. A bill was passed making appropriations for the repair, preservation and completion of certain public works on rivers and harbors. Adjourned.

In the House on the 24th an effort was made to place coal on the free list by Mr. Cox, who asserted that such action would tend to reduce the present high prices of coal; but objection being made the effort failed. The "Omnibus bill" was taken up and among the items it contained was an appropriation of $15,000 to Miss Vinnie Ream for her statue of Abraham Lincoln, which, after some discussion was adopted. After disposing of some twenty pages of the bill the House at 5:45 adjourned.

In the Senate the Pacific Railroad and Judiciary Committees reported favorably in regard to the Pacific roads. The bill relating to bridges across the Mississippi River was passed. The House bill "to amend an act approved May 31st, 1870, to enforce the rights of citizens of the United States to vote in the several States of the Union, and other purposes," was taken up in regular order, and after considerable discussion, in which the opposition seemed talking against time with a view of worrying out its friends, a final vote was reached at 1:30 this morning when the bill was passed by a party vote of 39 to 10; and at 1:45 the Senate adjourned.

◆

FIFTY-FIVE THOUSAND.—The BLADE job printing office has just commenced the printing of an edition of fifty-five thousand of WHITNEY's popular new Sunday School singing book, the *Silver Song*.

GOSSIP.

Minnesota is by far the coldest portion of the whole region to be traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Now that all the telegraphing between the United States and Europe is done on the French cable at increased rates, the gross receipts are higher than ever before. The American end sends the most dispatches.

New books by Mary J. Holmes, John Esten Cooke, Josh Billings, Fanny Fern, A. S. Roe, Marion Harland, Orpheus C. Kerr, Brick Pomeroy, Richard B. Kimball and Algernon Swinburne, are announced this season.

A Utica man, whose wife having undertaken to hang herself, was cut down by the neighbors, is very much incensed thereat, and "thinks that folks had better stay at home and not meddle with other people's family affairs."

Moncure D. Conway, the well known American *literateur*, preaches two radical sermons every Sunday in London, in chapels three miles apart. Some of the most cultivated men in the British metropolis are among his congregation.

The most northerly of the routes proposed for the Northern Pacific Railroad is along Clarke's river which flows into Lake Pend d'Oreille. Along this river and lake the Cedar trees attain a circumference of thirty-five feet and a height of two hundred and fifty.

Captain Hall, the Artic explorer, is at Washington making final arrangements for his coming expedition. The United States steam tug Perriwinkle, now fitting out at the Washington Navy-yard, is designed for the expedition. She is arranging so as to go under sail as well as steam.

Within two years the income of the Methodist Church Extension Society has increased from $46,000 to $120,000, and is going steadily up to a quarter of a million a year, when they will be able to build a church every day in the year. They have already aided churches in all parts of the country, and dedicated four churches a day for every working-day in the year.

Two strangers passing out of Lawrence, Kansas, on the Galveston road, were struck with the beauty of the town. "Whose place is that?" said one of them. "That is the lordly residence of Mayor George A. Reynolds. Cost thirty thousand dollars." "What is his salary, and how long has he held the office?" "Two years, at fifteen hundred a year." "Lord, what did the honest fellow do with the rest of his salary?" "Started his brother and two other honest men in the newspaper business to denounce corruption."

The Crown Prince of Prussia is angry at the marriage of his sister-in-law, the Princess Louise. She was destined for a German Prince, who was ready prepared, but the young lady shunned the sacrifice. So the Marquis of Lorne will be able one day to say, "My brother-in-law, the Emperor of Germany, agrees with me but—" The Queen was desirous for the match from the consideration that her daughter would live in England. These royal mothers see little of their children. The sons wander over the world in search of adventures, and the daughters marry foreign Princes.

Two years ago Archbishop Spaulding, of Baltimore, gave Healey, the American painter, an order for a portrait of Pius IX. Unable to obtain a private sitting from the Pope, Healey did the best he could from photographs and from studies that could be made from memory in public and private audiences. At last, Cardinal Antonelli, seeing this portrait, took it to the Vatican for the Holy Father's inspection, who was much pleased, and said, "moreover, I am not as stout as I was. Mr. Healey must change the face a little, and have a study from nature." This sitting was given, and the result is the best picture ever made of the pontiff.

A gentleman near Glasgow, Scotland, says he recently witnessed a singular ceremony. While out walking, he saw two bees issuing from one of the hives, and bearing the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew a distance of twelve yards. He followed them closely, and noted the care with which they secured a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed two little stones, doubtless in *memoriam*. Their task being ended, they paused for a moment, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathising tear, and then flew away to their hive.

A gentleman in New York City has just received a letter from a friend in London, in which the writer says: "I saw the venerable George Thompson, the great anti-slavery and anti-corn law lecturer of former days, a few weeks ago. He looks old and feeble.—He lives in Yorkshire, and is about to move to a little village in the neighborhood of Leeds. He has derived great benefit from a visit which he paid some time ago to the hydrophathic establishment at Matlock."

About Nature's gifts to man and woman, a watered translation of Anacreon says:—

"To man she gave in that proud hour
The boon of intellectual power.
Then what, O woman! what for thee
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war,
Nor steel nor fire itself hath power
Like woman, in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee.
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!"

In the new English edition of Charles Lamb's writings is a funny anecdote of Woodsworth. The person with whom the Lambs boarded, at Enfield, charged one shilling extra when they had a friend at dinner; but when Woodsworth was the guest, he charged one-and-sixpence. Lamb remonstrated, saying, "He's a great poet." "Don't know about the great poet," replied the practical landlord, "but he is a great eater."

Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson is preparing for the press of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, a volume of the poems of the old English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Dekker and others—which she has transposed into familiar prose. The American Publishing Company will soon have ready from the same author the miscellaneous essays and magazine articles of the late A. D. Richardson, of whom this work will also contain a biographical sketch written by Mrs. Richardson.

Henry Shaw, "Josh Billings," was born at Lanesboro, Berkshire county, Mass., where his father owned four or five farms, of several hundred acres, and was considered worth $400,000 at the time of his death. He was odd to the last degree, and when he was married drove with his intended bride to New Lebanon, N. Y., where they were united by a justice of the peace for one dollar. The "squire" had ten children—four sons and six daughters—of whom "Josh," the second, fully inherited his father's oddity. The old gentleman removed from Lanesboro to New York, because of the too near location of an iron furnace to his grounds. "Josh" is now about fifty years of age, tall, round shouldered, and with an indescribable comic expression on his face, which he always had. He is now supposed to be worth about $300,000.

◆

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best Hair-dressing.

Mr. Peter Young died at his residence in Page county, Va., on Jan. 24th, aged 84 years and 16 days. He was born near Hesse Darmstadt, in Germany, in 1787. He served as a soldier under Napoleon Bonarparte 11 years—made one of the number of the 500,000 men that invaded Russia at the time of the burning of Moscow, and one of the 30,000 who reached their homes in that disastrous retreat.

◆

☞ The stomach often revolts at the sight of medicine. Sick people cannot control their taste. In the diseases of the throat and lungs, the stomach is often so disordered by the elixirs which have been taken that it at last refuses to receive the drugs, and the sufferer dies. Edey's Carbolic Troches are pure white, beautiful in appearance, and so pleasant to the taste that any one can use them. They are compounded from the receipt of a skillful physician, in just the proportions which are needed to render them efficacious. They are *economical* because the same amount of medicine prepared by the druggist from the doctor's prescription would cost four times as much as a box of these Troches, and would not prove any more helpful for the disease. For sale by all druggists in the United States and Canadas.

◆

To Cure A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. nov24w26t-64

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

FRESH GARDEN AND FLOWER, FRUIT, HERB, TREE and SHRUB and EVERGREEN SEEDS, postpaid by Mail. 25 different packets of either class for $1.00. The six classes $5 00. Catalogues gratis Agents wanted. Seeds on commission. B. M. WATSON, Plymouth, Mass. feb23w4t 73

Homes in the West.

PERSONS seeking homes and fortunes in the West can obtain any information in regard to surface, soil, products, streams, towns, titles, &c., &c., of any portion of Missouri or Kansas by addressing, with fee, McLEAN & CLELAND, General Western Intelligence Agents, Nevada City, Vernon Co., Mo.

Fees for answering inquiries	$ 5
Fees for describing any particular tract of land	15
Fees for describing and furnishing abstract of title to any particular tract of land	25

feb23w13t

J. J. H. Gregory's SEED CATALOGUE.

My Annual Illustrated Catalogue, containing a list of many new and rare Vegetables, some of which are not found in any other catalogue, and all the standard vegetables of the farm and garden (over one hundred of which I grow on my three seed farms,) with a carefully selected list of flower seed, will be sent free to all.

All my seed is sold under three warrants,—
1st. That all money sent shall reach me.
2d. That all seed ordered shall reach the purchaser.
3d. That my seeds shall be fresh, and true to name.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

feb23w5w—65.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILL.

19th Year. 600 Acres. 13 Greenhouses.

Largest Assortment—all sizes. Best Stock! Low Prices!

WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT, WHEN, HOW TO PLANT!

Fruit, Shade, Evergreen Trees; Root Grafts, Seedlings, Osage Plants; Apple Seed; Early Rose Potatoes; Shrubs; Roses, Greenhouse and Garden Plants, &c., &c.

FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS!

Finest, Best Collection—Sorts and Quality. Send 10 cents for New, Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue—90 pages. Send stamp, each, for Catalogues of Seeds, with plain directions—64 pages; Bedding and Garden Plants—32 pages, and Wholesale Price List—24 pages. Address

F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, Ill. feb2w13t

YELLOW NANSEMOND, Sweet Potatoes for sale and to sprout on shares. For terms &c., address, ALFRED LEE, Kokomo, Ind. feb16w3t*

HOVEY & Co's., Illustrated Catalogue,

AND GUIDE TO THE

Flower And Vegetable Garden FOR 1871.

Is now ready. Contains 125 pages, with descriptions of over 2,000 species and varieties of Flower and vegetable Seeds; Novelties of the season; choice Gladiolous; Summer-Flowering bulbs, etc. Illustrated with numerous engravings of Flowers and Vegetables, and a beautiful

COLORED PLATE.

The most extensive and complete Seed catalogue published; giving practical and plain directions for the culture of Flowers and Vegetables arrangement of Gardens, etc. Sent gratis to all our customers of last year, without request, and to all others on receipt of two stamps. Address,

HOVEY & Co.,
53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

We guarantee that all seeds ordered shall reach the purchaser.

feb16w3t 73

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Every Farmer!

And Fruit Grower should send for a copy of the Lawrence Nurseries descriptive Catalogue and Annual Guide to the Flower Garden and Fruit Culture. Sent by mail, postpaid, for only 10 cents. Address, G. W. FRAZIER, General Agent and Publisher, New Castle, Pa. feb16w4w

T. J. McCARTY & CO., Salem, Ohio., Importers and Breeders of Berkshire, Lancashire and Thorough bred Chester Pigs, also Fancy Poultry. Have taken the First Premiums with our stock wherever exhibited. All stock warranted to be thorough in their purity of blood. feb9w4t

GENUINE NORWAY OATS, Chester County Mammoth Corn and Alsike Clover. Sample packages *sent free* to all farmers; also a copy of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL, by enclosing stamp to N. P. BOYER & CO., Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa. feb9w4t 132

UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO.

HAVE A

Land Grant Direct from the Government

—OF—

12,000,000 Acres

—OF THE—

Best Farming and Mineral Lands in America.

3,000,000 acres choice farming lands on the line of the road, in the

STATE OF NEBRASKA,

In the

GREAT PLATTE VALLEY.

Now for sale, for cash or credit, at low rates of interest. These lands are near the 41st parallel of North Latitude, in a mild and healthy climate, and for grain growing and stock raising are unequalled by any in the United States.

Convenient to market both east and west. Prices range from $2 50 to $10.00 per acre.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

To Settlers with limited means.

2,500,000 ACRES

Rich government lands along the road between

OMAHA AND NORTH PLATTE,

Surveyed and opened for entry under the Homestead and Pre-emption laws, and can be taken by ACTUAL SETTLERS ONLY.

An opportunity never before presented for securing homes near a great railroad with all the conveniences of an old settled country. New edition of descriptive pamphlets with maps, now ready and sent free to all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe. Address,

O. F. DAVIS, Land Commissioner,
U. P. R. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.

jan5w3mos

The Sugar Maker's Friend.

PRICE, $4.50 per hundred.

50,000 sold in one day! More Agents wanted to canvass and sell Post's Patent Galvanized Metallic Eureka Sap Spout and Bucket Hanger. Samples, Circulars and Terms sent on receipt of 20 cents to pay postage. Address C. C. POST, Manufacturer and Patentee, Burlington, Vt. feb16w3t 132

Correspondence.

Washington Letters.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

THE FESTIVITIES AND EXCITEMENTS INCIDENT TO A DAY OF PUBLIC FUN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1871.

The dispatch announcing the safe arrival out of the steamer Tennessee, with its precious freight of good fellows, commissioners, &c., has removed a weight from this community which was becoming very oppressive, and the effect has been to infuse a very elastic and cheerful feeling through the city. The voyage of the Tennessee was reasonably prosperous, and the Commissioners are, by this time, far advanced with their work.

It is expected that the San Domingo Commissioners will be through with their inquiries by the 1st of March. The reports from the expedition thus far indicate that the party are favorably impressed with everything and will come back strong for annexation. You will notice that an election has been ordered to test further the sense of the people and that it will take place during the visit of the Commissioners.

Our carnival is in full feather, and has brought a great crowd of visitors from all quarters of the country, and filled the hotels and boarding houses to overflowing. The crowd on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday was greater than was ever gathered to witness an inauguration and was something to see. From the Capitol gate to the Treasury is a mile, and the whole distance was densely packed along the wide walks, and every window, balcony, stoop and roof was alive with spectators who were watching and waiting through the whole day for the promised scenes of merriment.

The programme embraced, 1st, a horse race in the morning between 10 and 12 o'clock; 2d, from 12 o'clock to 1 o'clock riding in pleasure carriages and a display of turnouts; 3d, a parade of societies, police, &c.; 4th, a mile foot race; 5th, (from 3 to 4,) a goat race, the goats harnessed to carriages; 6th, a wheelbarrow race; 7th, a hundred yard race; 8th illumination and fireworks.

The show was a poor affair and not at all equal to public expectation, but the illumination was a good success and more general than the illumination after the proclamation of peace. To-day there is to be more racing of horses, and from 12 to 3 P. M., a tournament, then a masquerade procession and another illumination. Besides these there are to be a variety of side-shows, such as, the Indian game of *La Crosse*, a sack race, a velocipede race, &c , &c.

This attempt to revive an old Catholic festival with scenes of merry making united to a coarse and uncultivated age is not, I think, likely to grow into public favor. It is not suited to the genius of the American people, and a large majority of the visitors will probably pronounce it a humbug.

A carnival, according to Webster, "a festival, celebrated with merry-making and revelry in Roman Catholic countries during the week before Lent." It is a significant farewell to meat before fasting. The Catholics prepare themselves for their long fast of meat and fun, and hence the word carnival, from "carnis," flesh, and "vale," farewell—a farewell to flesh.

Conspicuous among the other humbugs is the "tincture of buchu." Helmbold's turnout is always something to see and brings every body to his feet. On this occasion the great advertiser rides in an open barouche with servants in livery behind and five horses in front. A pair of matched horses are next to the wheels and the other three are driven *tandem* fashion. They are well trained and make a dashing appearance.

The carnival provokes other festivities, and last night, in the midst of the illumination and fireworks, there were large gatherings of ladies and gentlemen where the lights were even more brilliant than along Pennsylvania avenue or on the public grounds south of the Treasury. Conspicuous among these was the Ball of the Michigan Association at Masonic Hall, and a still more aristocratic gathering at Mr. Corcoran's Art Gallery at the corner of 15th street.

The ball at the Art gallery was for the benefit of that ancient ruin known as the Washington monument, and had the countenance of the President and most of the officers of the government. The great chandeliers belonging to the cash room of the Treasury were taken down and used for the occasion, and the decorations were unusually impressive and splendid.

Then the parties present were those which the newspapers delight to extoll, embracing what is called the "Republican court." The President, Vice President, Cabinet officers, judges, military officers, foreign minister, &c., &c., together with their ladies, and enough "prominent citizens" to give eclat to the notables and—to pay the expenses.

On the whole, yesterday was a very joyous day for Washington, and there were enough excitements to gratify the most exorbitant appetite. The day was one of surpassing brightness and beauty; there was a vast crowd of eager spectators on our streets; "the avenue" blazed with banners and resounded with shouts; there was a dispatch that the English commissioners were all on their way to the United States; and the glad news from the Tennessee came to cap the climax, and to send a thrill of light and joy through every heart. BUCKEYE.

MORE ABOUT THE CARNIVAL—THE MASQUERADE PROCESSION—SPICY NEWS IN CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23, 1871.

The carnival and the 22d of February have passed and the crowds that have thronged our streets begin to disappear. The second day of the great show was more successful than the first and the interest in the varied programme kept the streets full and the attention awake to the close of the illumination and the fire works in the evening.

The horsemanship displayed by the Knights of the tournament was all that was expected, and the skill shown in carrying off the ring was sufficiently remarkable to call for frequent and prolonged shouts all along the extended line of spectators. In these exciting trials of skill a ring (some two inches in diameter) is suspended by a string at a convenient height and the horseman, armed with a long shaft pointed at the end and resembling the lance of the ancient knights, dashes along at full speed and when he reaches the ring, without pausing or slackening his speed thrust the end of his lance into the ring and picks it off. Of course this is a very difficult thing to do, and when it was done with grace and skill the applause was tremendous.

But the most notable event of the carnival was a masked procession. It was half a mile long, and was composed of all kinds of masked figures, some being huge in proportions and some small, some in carriages and some on foot, some on horseback and some drawn by dogs and donkeys. One wagon load of great frogs were labeled on their back $50 $20, &c., &c., and the figures were understood to represent the *Greenback* issues of the treasury; another load held the printing devils of the treasury with very conspicuous horns and forks; and another in a fantastic carriage represented a royal court.

But perhaps the most amusing part of the procession was dedicated to the woman's rights movement. There was an artillery company with wooden guns painted black, drawn by strong horses and marshalled by a company of women in petticoats and short sacks, with guns and other paraphernalia of war, and followed by a man in a carriage who appeared to be doing his duty as nurse. He had a baby in his arms and a tremendous bottle of milk which he fed occasionally to the mock baby, duly wiping its mouth and showing a capacity at that kind of work which seemed to suggest that the exchange of occupation might prove a success. This procession was hailed all along the line with shouts of merriment, and its grotesque appearance was heightened by the antics of the individual actors, who elevated their horns and handled their tails so as to make the strongest possible sensation.

In the evening the illumination, fire works, and crowd, were very impressive, and Pennsylvania avenue was as gay as a bed of violets in spring time. There was a line of Chinese lanterns on each side of the street a mile or more in length, and about four feet apart and ten thousand flags hung in all manner of positions from the windows and doors of the various buildings. The show closed early in the evening and a great many drunken men had to be provided for by the city authorities during the night.

Yesterday was Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent and the end of the gay season, but the opening of the solemn fast did not stop the feasting; and as this day commemorated the birth of Washington the boat for Mt. Vernon was packed to suffocation and the pilgrims to the shrine of the great patriot were never before so numerous.

In the midst of all these gayeties Congress has not remitted its sessions, but has done considerable important business. The appropriation bills are being pressed forward in both Houses and occupy the chief attention, but afford a chance, now and then, for an episode of passion or oratory which creates great interest among the strangers who have been thronging both wings of the capitol for several days.

The spicy passage between Gen. Butler and Mr. Farnsworth yesterday waked up the House. Mr. Farnsworth is a sort of general fault-finder, and Butler is a good subject for him to practice on. Such men are pretty apt to make over statements and so to miss their aim. In this case Mr. Farnsworth objected to an item of an appropriation bill for furniture on the ground that such appropriations were abused. As a case in point he said that two expensive mirrors procured for the Treasury and costing $10 000 had been "toted about town" and broken besides in the process of ornamenting the residence of the distinguished member from Massachusetts Of course some body wanted to know if such a wicked member could be anything but a Democrat; but Mr. Farnsworth said in reply that his politics were of an uncertain kind. He had been a Democrat and "every thing by turns, but nothing long." This brought down a laugh on Gen. Butler and he took the floor to reply. After denying all the charges of Mr. Farnsworth, he undertook to return some of the compliments which he had received, and twitted Farnsworth about the falling off of his majority, and coming near being beaten by a Methodist preacher. He said the man who accused all the world convicted only *one*. Mr. F. was like the drunkard who thought everybody else staggered. He saw nothing but fraud and wrong anywhere, because he had to look at everybody through his own eyes Mr. Farnsworth replied, reiterating his charges and giving a particular account of Butler's connection with the contract for the Boston Postoffice, but the House listened and then voted the bill through, which was a bad comment on his charges.

The next excitement was provoked by Mr. Shoo-fly Cox who made an unfortunate fling at Massachusetts on some question relating to the Freedmen, calling down on him and the Democratic party a scathing rejoinder which had a good effect on quieting the New York carpet baggers. Then Fernando Wood seized the occasion to tell the House how he had convicted Gen. Howard on 14 of the 13 charges which he had made against him This brought out a rejoinder from Mr. Peters, who coolly replied that there was not a shadow of ground to sustain any one of Mr. Wood's charges, or to induce a belief that Gen. Howard had in any respect deviated from the strict line of his duty. BUCKEYE.

From the New Northwest.

The Northern Pacific Railroad—The Climate of the Northwest.

PART I.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 17, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BLADE: Now that the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad is about to unite more closely the extremities of the republic, it is fitting that the mis-education in geography which most Americans now on the stage of action received in their childhood, when Chicago was an Indian village and Lake Superior an unknown sea, should be corrected.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Practically and theoretically I have studied the climate of the Northwest. Nervous debility, spitting of blood, a fear of hereditary tendency to consumption, (clustering graves reveal a family foe,) led me some five years ago to change my home in the East to Minnesota. The story of the consumptive who, apparently in the last stages of that disease, was removed to our State, and in a few months was restored to perfect health, subject to only one drawback—the constant pestering of agents to insure his life—is not entirely a hyberbole, for it is almost paralleled in my own experience. Years ago the life insurance company of which I was a general agent, refused to take a risk on my life. About two weeks since, after a careful examination by a physician, who was a total stranger to me, I was pronounced an excellent risk and a policy secured.

While I am relating my experience, let me add that in Minnesota I learned what it is to enjoy living—life, mere existence, without regard to its circumstances, became a positive joy, and eating, to say nothing of sleeping, a luxury, and the horrors of *forcing* down your breakfast, an experience so familiar to Eastern men of sedentary habits and mental application, a thing of the past. Here even common food is "rolled beneath the tongue as a sweet morsel," and my little boy hit the nail on the head when he said: "Father, it tastes good all the way down." It stands to reason that food thus eaten must strengthen the system more than that which is eaten without relish. I want to say further, for several months in Minnesota I averaged thirty speeches of an hour each, delivered with the energy belonging to Welsh blood, and grew fat while so doing.

THE GLORY OF LIVING.

O, it is a glorious thing to really live; to feel the blood leaping along the veins as if in very joy; to realize every muscle braced, every nerve energized, labor a pleasure and not an effort, and the rapture of mental toil not neutralized by subsequent depression. I went there in the spring and a lady told me, "When winter comes you will find it hard work to walk dignifiedly; but, almost in spite of yourself, you will be found skipping, dancing along." Alas, for my dignity, it was too true, for in many of our glorious winter mornings I have felt it would be a posive relief it I could have frisked around like a colt. Said a Boston gen man to me: "Your summers are a trifle too hot, but your winters are *grand*." The language of one of our editors is scarcely too strong: "The whole winter is a radiant and joyous band of sunny days and starlit nights. A grave Presbyterian clergyman of St. Paul, writing of the coldest term known in Minnesota for many years, exclaims: "The sky was without a cloud; not a breath of air was stirring, and the stillness and perfect quiet of everything was that of a Sabbath in summer. I went to my study as usual, and felt no unusual sensation of cold. In fact, the exhilaration of being out in and breathing the air was purely delightful. I can now understand Dr. KANE'S statement, that he could without inconvenience, stand seventy degrees below zero, if no wind were blowing.—And fortunately, here the coldest days are the stillest days." On the very coldest day of the last ten years I attended a public meeting in Minnesota, to which men, women and babes in their mothers' arms came from a radius of ten miles around. True, these exceptionally cold days require exceptional care of the ears and extremities and an occasional shielding of unduly extended nasal organs.

MINNESOTA AND OHIO COMPARED.

All things are by comparison, and during my first (this winter) visit to the East since leaving it for my home in the West, I instituted comparisons between the two latitudes, not much to the advantage of the former. As cold is measured by the thermometer, it is colder in Minnesota than in Ohio; but it is equally true that you suffer more from the cold than we do. It is the uniform testimony of residents here that they feel the cold less than they formerly did in the wet and variable winters of lower latitudes. We need no more clothing it as much, in winter than you do. You go out in one of your raw mornings, and they are often raw even in early October, and your first sensation is that of chill, and rapidly must you walk to overcome it; we go out in our coldest weather, and there is no chill, and absolutely the well-clad pedestrian is unaware that it is cold save by the tingling of exposed ears. The reason is plain; around you is a wrapping of heat conducting, heat absorbing *damp* air; around us is a covering of non-conducting *dry* air.

UNIFORMITY OF TEMPERATURE.

Your April days in January, when rubbers are discarded and overcoats become a burden, and when the birds are almost deceived into returning from the South, and the occasional twitter of a swallow is heard, are truly delightful while they last; but, alas, while the system is all unlocked, the pores all open, suddenly the cruel north winds come down upon you, and what is the result? Let racking coughs, rheumatic pains, the sudden extinguishing of life's light, where but yesterday bloomed a treacherous health, answer. To you who are afar off, it may seem that ours is a hypo borean region, when you learn that thaws and winter rains are scarcely known among us. We, too, have our sudden changes, the thermometer ranging upwards at times over thirty degrees in twenty-four hours; but they come not laden with disease and death Our very cold spells seldom, if ever, continue more than two or three days at a time, and then very rapidly upward shoots the mercury, but still keeping ten or fifteen degrees below the thawing point, below that point at which the pores are opened, so when comes the next snap of cold, the joints of our fleshy tabernacles are not open to receive his fatal visit—Providence keeps us inclosed in armor, and when spring really visits us, it comes to stay, to find us strong to greet him. Where consumptives have not deferred their migration until too weak to bear the stimulant of our climate, they find the winter, as God designed it to be, the most recuperative part of the whole year, as also do those persons suffering from nervous prostration.

WORKING DAYS.

While our average winter temperature is over sixteen degrees, there are a few days in nearly every year so cold that out-of-door work is not advisable, though thousands do continue at trapping and lumbering, regardless of the cold; but I hesitate not to say that not only do we have many more enjoyable days in a year than you, but considering your rains and hails and sleets, that we have also more days in which a man can earn his bread in the open air.

THE WIND.

The wind, not the cold, is the sting of winter. Let the wind blow with us, and up rises the mercury: in the East the reverse is too often true. The comfort of our winters is not only the dryness of our air, but that therein we have but little wind and our houses are kept warm with less fuel than those in lower latitudes where high wintry winds drive the cold into every nook and corner. The pressure of cold on the human body increases as the square of the wind's velocity. If our wind is twelve and a half miles per hour, we have to meet but three-fourths of a pound of cold against each square foot of our body; but, if yours is twenty-five miles per hour, which velocity is more common to you than the former to us, you are assailed with three pounds of cold against every square foot. We meet ours with unopened pores, and it passes idly by us; you, yours very often after days and weeks of April weather, and it penetrates you. Think of three pounds of cold pressing suddenly against all the open pores of every square foot of your frame and then you will begin to understand how it can be true that the winters of Minnesota are more pleasant than those of Ohio. And yet Minnesota is by far the coldest portion of the whole region to be traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad. With your permission, I will return to this subject. ZENITH.

From South Carolina.

The Buckeye Delegation in South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE COURT HOUSE, S. C.,
February 6th, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—Thinking your many readers would like to know how the "Buckeye delegation" are prospering, of whom there are quite a number from your "neck o'woods," who have taken up their abode and "come to stay" in this portion of the "sunny South," among these most chivalrous of the "Southern chivalry," I have seated myself for the purpose of enlightening them.

And first there is Governor A. H. Scott, formerly Col. Scott, of the 68th Ohio Infantry, afterwards Brig. General and Brevet Major General, and who was for some two years Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for this State, and is now serving his second term as Governor, having been both times elected by large majorities over the Conservative or Ku Klux candidates of the ex-rebels. He has, by his undaunted nerve and inflexible integrity, in standing up for the rights of the colored people, and in every way aiding and encouraging them in their efforts to become good, industrious and intelligent citizens, endeared himself to them, and at the same time has taught the arrogant and haughty ex-rebels that "black men have some rights that they are bound to respect." By his careful and watchful control of the State Treasury, he has kept the indebtedness of the State down to very near what it was before the war, and by boldly vetoing numerous schemes for aid to Railroads, &c , and by timely suggestions to the legislature, and his own personal influence with the capitalists of New York, he has succeeded in placing the credit of the State in a healthy condition, and enabled the Treasurer to meet the interest of our debt as it becomes due. By this course he has won the respect of men of all parties, and his most bitter political opponents give him credit for honesty, integrity, and courage, and nearly all of those who are "to the manor born," say that if they must have a Northern man for Governor, they could not hope to improve on the present incumbent.

At the head of our State Constabulary force, is Col. E. L. Mann, also formerly from Henry county, whose long and brilliant record in the old 3d O. V. Cavalry, learned him the "dark ways" and "vain tricks" of the bushwhacking Ku Klux, who have in several instances been brought to grief and summary justice by the Colonel's bold dashes, assisted by his well-tried deputies, Jackson, McMaken and Leahey, who hail from your own good city of Toledo, and all of whom, I assure you, have well sustained the good name and reputation down here which they always bore among you.

And then there is Jerry Hollinshead, the gallant little color-bearer of the 68th Ohio, who all the boys of the old veteran regiment will remember as the plucky little Sergeant, who bore its colors through the many hard fights and long marches, from Fort Donelson via Vicksburg and Atlanta, through to Savannah, "as Sherman marched down to the sea." During his three years residence among us, he has had many a desperate contest with the outlaws and assassins that for a time seemed to have possession of this and adjoining counties; but thanks to his courage and unsleeping vigilance in the capacity of State Constable, several of the worst of these desperadoes have been brought to justice, and those who have not cleared out to other parts of the country, stand in wholesome dread of "Captain Jerry" (as he is here called) and his trusty followers. The brave and manly course Hollinshead has pursued since residing here has made him hosts of friends among the Republicans, and gained him the respect of the opposition, and he is now decidedly the most popular man (and deservedly so, we think,) in this part of the State. This has been twice demonstrated in the last few weeks—first by his receiving at the hands of the radical wing of our party the unanimous nomination for State Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of H. J. Lennox, Esq.—and again on the following week, when he was also nominated as the unanimous choice of the Conservative or Reform wing of the party, and as our District gives from one to two thousand Republican majority, we feel as though Captain Jerry had a pretty sure thing on becoming State Senator.

So, taking all things in consideration, we Ohio boys feel as though our friends at home have no reason to feel ashamed of their representatives in this part of "Uncle Sam's plantation." And by the way, speaking of plantations reminds me that Major Samuel R. Adams, of Napoleon, is nicely located over on the "high hills of the Santee," near the old historic town of Camden, where he is successfully engaged in planting, milling, and in turpentine and resin manufacturing. He is agreeably quartered in a fine large residence, where with his accomplished wife (who is a daughter of Elijah Dodd, Esq., ex-sheriff of your county), he entertains his friends with true Southern hospitality.

Cotton planting has already commenced that is the planters are busy preparing the ground and making contracts for labor during the present season. The weather is warm and spring like, and everything gives promise of an unusually prosperous and peaceful year.

The WEEKLY BLADE is ever welcome with us and we appreciate it very highly, especially the very interesting and valuable columns of "Answers to Correspondents," which, unlike that department of many papers, bears such evidence of careful labor and valuable research that it alone is worth the whole price of subscription.

Yours Truly,
SUMPTER.

The Army of the Tennessee.

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 15, '71

To the Members, Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

The fifth regular meeting of the Society will be held in Cincinnati on the 6th and 7th days of April next, convening at 10 A. M.

Colonel John W. Noble, of the Third Iowa Cavalry, will deliver the annual address, and suitable arrangements for the meeting will be made by the local committee.

Every officer who has at any time served with honor in the Army and Department of the Tennessee, is, by the Constitution, entitled to a membership, and all such, as well as members of kindred societies, are cordially invited to attend. Gen. W. T. SHERMAN, Pres't.

L. M. DAYTON, Recording Sec't.

A. HICKENLOOPER, Cor. Sec't.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

VERSAILLES, February 25.—At midnight, M. Thiers, Jules Favre and Bismarck held a long conference on finding terms of peace to be agreed upon, but the exact nature is a profound secret, and only know they resemble previous accounts. It is to be submitted on Saturday, to the consultation of the committee. Peace is certain.

The armistice is not to be prolonged. The Prussians will enter Paris on Monday.

PARIS, Feb. 26, via London.—The conclusion of peace is now certain. The following conditions have been accepted by Thiers and Favre and the Conservative Commission:

1. The cession of Alsace and Metz, but Belfort to be restored to France.
2. Payment of a war indemnity of five milliards francs.
3. A portion of the French territory, with some fortified towns like Sedan, to remain in possession of the Germans until the conditions of the treaty have been fulfilled.
4. The German army to enter Paris on Monday, and to occupy the Camps Elysees.
5. Peace to be proclaimed when the French Assembly ratifies these conditions.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—The Siecle says M. Remusat has been appointed Ambassador to London and will also represent France in the Black Sea Conference. The missions to Florence and Vienna remain as at present.

MARSAILLES, Feb. 22.—The Officiel Moniteur says France must decide upon war or peace immediately. Delay will deteriate the strength of Germany. France has long known the conditions whereon Germany is ready to conclude peace. These are based upon injuries formerly inflicted and guarantees for the future. Compared with injuries these demands are moderate and the longer the delay the harder will be the conditions. We hope this is understood at Bordeaux. If the German terms are rejected, war continues.

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—The Provincial Correspondent says the German demands are so distinctly confined to things indispensable that the French negotiators will have to decide quickly and firmly as the prolongation of the armistice for a few days is dependent on the acceptance of the main German demands. The Journal concludes with the prediction that next week, unless the signs are deceptive, peace will be restored.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 26.—An official dispatch from Paris states that the preliminaries of peace had been signed.

Thiers will arrive in Bordeaux to-morrow.

BERLIN, Feb. 27.—Emperor William telegraphs from Versailles to the Empress Augusta as follows:

"With a deeply moved heart in gratitude to God I inform you that preliminaries have been signed. The Bordeaux Assembly must yet ratify them.
(Signed) "WILLIAM."

Dr. Schenck Advises Consumptives to go to Florida in Winter.

Having for the last thirty five years devoted my whole time and attention to the study of lung diseases and consumption, I feel that I understand fully the course that ought to be pursued to restore a tolerably bad case of diseased lungs to healthy soundness. The first and most important step is, for the patient to avoid taking cold, and the best of all places on this continent for this purpose, in winter, is Florida, well down in the State, where the temperature is regular, and not subject to such variations as in more northern latitudes. Palatka is a point I can recommend. A good hotel is kept there by Peterman. Last winter I saw several persons there whose lungs had been badly diseased, but who, under the healing influence of the climate and my medicines, were getting well.

One hundred miles farther down the river is a point which I would prefer to Palatka, as the temperature is more even and the air dry and bracing. Mellonville and Enterprise are located there. I should give a decided preference to Mellonville; it is two miles from river or lake, and it seems almost impossible to take cold there. The tables in Florida might be better, and patients complain at times; but that is a good sign, as it indicates a return of appetite; and, when this is the case, they generally increase in flesh, and then the lungs must heal.

Jacksonville, Hibernia, Green Cove and many other places in various parts of Florida can be safely recommended to consumptives in winter. My reasons for saying so are, that patients are less liable to take cold there than where there is a less even temperature; and it is not necessary to say, that, where a consumptive person exposes himself to frequent colds, he is certain to die shortly; therefore my advice is, go well down into the State, out of the reach of prevailing east winds and fogs. Jacksonville, or almost any other of the localities I have named will benefit those who are troubled with a torpid liver a disordered stomach, deranged bowels, sore throat or cough, but, for those whose lungs are diseased, a more southern point is earnestly recommended.

For fifteen years, prior to 1869, I was professionally in New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia every week, where I saw and examined on an average five hundred patients a week. A practice so extensive, embracing every possible phase of lung disease, has enabled me to understand the disease fully; and hence my caution in regard to taking cold. A person may take vast quantities of "Schenck's Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills," and yet die if he does not avoid taking cold.

In Florida, nearly everybody is using Schenck's Mandrake Pills; for the climate is more likely to produce bilious habits than more northern latitudes. It is a well established fact, that natives of Florida rarely die of consumption, especially those of the southern part. On the other hand, in New England, one-third at least of the population die of this terrible disease. In the Middle States, it does not prevail so largely; still there are many thousands of cases there. What a vast percentage of life would be saved if consumptives were as easily alarmed in regard to taking fresh colds as they are about scarlet fever, small-pox, &c! but they are not: they take what they term a little cold, which they are credulous enough to believe will wear off in a few days. They pay no attention to it; and hence it lays the foundation for another and another still, until the lungs are diseased beyond all hope of cure.

My advice to persons whose lungs are affected even slightly, is to lay in a stock of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic and Schenck's Mandrake Pills and go to Florida. I recommend these particular medicines, because I am thoroughly acquainted with their action. I know, that, where they are used in strict accordance with my directions, they will do the work that is required. This accomplished, nature will do the rest. The physician who prescribes for cold, cough, or night sweats, and then advises the patient to walk or ride out every day, will be sure to have a corpse on his hands before long.

My plan is, to give my three medicines in accordance with the printed directions, except in some cases where a freer use of the Mandrake Pills is necessary. My object is, to give tone to the stomach—to get up a good appetite. It is always a good sign when a patient begins to grow hungry: I have hopes of such. With a relish for food, and the gratification of that relish, comes good blood, and with it more flesh, which is closely followed by a healing of the lungs,—then the cough loosens and abates, the creeping chills and clammy night sweats no longer prostrate and annoy, and the patient gets well, provided he avoids taking cold.

Now, there are many consumptives who have not the means to go to Florida. The question may be asked, Is there no hope for such? Certainly there is. My advice to such is, and ever has been, to stay in a warm room during the winter, with a temperature of about seventy degrees, which should be kept regularly at that point by means of a thermometer. Let such a patient take his exercise within the limits of the room by walking up and down as much as his strength will permit, in order to keep up a healthy circulation of the blood. I have cured thousands by this system, and can do so again. Consumption is as easily cured as any other disease, if it is taken in time, and the proper kind of treatment is pursued. The fact stands undisputed on record, that Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Mandrake Pills and Seaweed Tonic have cured very many of what seemed to be hopeless cases of consumption. Go where you will, you will be almost certain to find some poor consumptive who has been rescued from the very jaws of death by their use.

So far as the Mandrake Pills are concerned, everybody should keep a supply of them on hand. They act on the liver better than calomel, and leave none of its hurtful effects behind. In fact, they are excellent in all cases where a purgative medicine is required. If you have partaken too freely of fruit and diarrhoea ensues, a dose of the Mandrakes will cure you. If you are subject to sick headache, take a dose of the Mandrakes, and they will relieve you in two hours. If you would obviate the effect of a change of water, or the too free indulgence in fruit take one of the Mandrakes every night, and you may then drink water, and eat watermelons, pears, apples, plums, peaches, or corn, without the risk of being made sick by them. They will protect those who live in damp situations against chills and fevers. Try them. They are perfectly harmless. They can do you good only.

I have abandoned my professional visits to Boston and New York, but continue to see patients at my office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, every Saturday, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination, with the Respirometer will be charged five dollars. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs; and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not. But I desire it distinctly understood, that the value of my medicines depends entirely upon their being taken strictly according to directions.

In conclusion, I will say, that when persons take my medicines, and their systems are brought into a healthy condition thereby, they are not so liable to take cold; yet no one with diseased lungs can bear a sudden change of atmosphere without the liability of greater or less irritation of the bronchia tubes.

Full directions in all languages accompany my medicines, so explicit and clear that any one can use them without consulting me, and can be bought from any druggist.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.,
No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, New York, Wholesale Agent. dec15weow1yr-64

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lippincott's Magazine.
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF
POPULAR LITERATURE & SCIENCE.
NOW READY
The MARCH NUMBER
With Fine Full-Page Engraving.
CONTAINING
FIFTEEN ENTERTAINING ARTICLES
INCLUDING
"A LEAF IN THE STORM,"
A TALE OF THE PRESENT WAR,
BY "OUIDA"
Author of "Strathmore," "Idalia," Etc.,
AND THE FIRST PART OF
'ROOKSTONE,'
A CHARMING SERIAL STORY,
By Katharine S. Macquoid.

To be continued from month to month until completed.

Now is the time to Subscribe

and secure the opening Chapters of the New Story. The January and February Numbers will be supplied gratis to all new subscribers, at $4 per annum, remitting before April 1.

FOUR MONTHS FOR $1.

In order to give the public an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the character and style of the Magazine, the Publishers will take pleasure in sending it for FOUR MONTHS, on trial, for ONE DOLLAR.

TERMS—Yearly subscription, $4. Single Numbers 35 cents. Liberal Clubbing Rates.

Specimen Number mailed, postage paid, to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market St., Phil'a.
mar2w1t

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOLDIERS OF 1812!
Attention!

AN act has just passed Congress granting a pension of EIGHT DOLLARS PER MONTH to all surviving officers and enlisted men and drafted men, including militia and volunteers of the military and naval service who served sixty days and were honorably discharged, and to all who served less than sixty days, who have been named in any resolution of Congress for any specific service in said war. Also, to surviving widows of such soldiers, provided they married such soldier prior to treaty of peace which terminated the war, and have not since re-married. The undersigned will promptly attend to securing these pensions for those who are entitled to them. His facilities for doing this business are not surpassed by any claim officer in the country. Address at once,

T. W. Tallmadge,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
march 2-w2t (2)

SHORT HAND. NEW LIGHTNING METHOD, LEARNED IN FOUR WEEKS. Send stamp for Circular. Prof. GRAY, P. O. Box 4,847, N. Y. mar2 w1t*

WHY is a person without writing paper like a telegraph out of order? Because they can't send a dispatch. Order by mail a package of premium writing paper, every fifth package contains a premium, for which premium we will pay the purchaser from $1.00 to $50.00 in cash. Price 50 cts per package. Order early. Address J. N. Sowers & Co., Box E, Grand View, Ind. mar2w1t*

Soldiers of the War of 1812

AND their Widows, who were their wives during said war, can each get a Pension of Eight Dollars per month, by addressing JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Government Claim Agent, Middlebourne, Guernsey County, Ohio. Enclose stamps for postage. march2w1 (8)

AGENTS WANTED—We desire to leave one of our Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines in every town as an advertisement. A special offer. Address, with stamp, UNION SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa. march2w4t 64 (2)

EARLY DANVERS ONION SEED, warranted New Seed, of my own growing, from the best selected onions; sure to grow and give satisfaction. Price $8 50 per lb., 85c per dozen, by mail, post paid. Also, Norway Oats. True Ramsdell Seed at $1 per bushel (32 lbs), or 10 bushels for $8, sacked and delivered on board cars free. Send cash in registered letter or P. O. money order at my risk and expense in sums of $5 and upwards. Address

J. W. KNAPP,
march 2 w1t Davenport, Iowa.

COUGH! COUGH!
Shun Worthless Nostrums!
Use That which is Good!
TRY FIRST
Allen's Lung Balsam.
☞ Sold by all Medicine Dealers. mar2w4t-70

The Burlington & Mo. River R. R. Co.
Offer about 2,000,000 Acres
Iowa & Nebraska Lands for Sale
On 10 Years' Credits, at 6 pr. ct. Int.

No part of Principal due for two years from purchase and afterwards only one-ninth yearly.

Products will pay for Land and Improvements.

The Liberal Credits given; Free Passes allowed, small annual payments required; the current market value of money, and profits on Stock raising prove these terms cheaper, easier and Better than to buy U. S. land within rail land limits at $2.50 per acre, while our prices range generally from 4 to 5, 6 8 and 10 Dollars per acre. Quality and local advantages rule the price.

On these generous Terms the industrious and competent can buy and pay for a good Farm and Home. In beginning it is necessary to have money enough to pay six per cent interest on the land, obtain provisions, build a cabin, buy a team and agricultural implements till crops are raised, which can be done the first season, by commencing in early Spring.

CIRCULARS giving full particulars are supplied gratis, and any wishing to induce others to emigrate with them, or to form a Colony, are invited to ask for all they want to distribute.

A SECTIONAL MAP, showing exact location of Lands for sale in Iowa, is sold for 30 cents and a similar Map of Nebraska Lands is sold for 20 cents.

Apply to GEO. S. HARRIS,
Land Comissioner Burlington & Mo. River R. R. company.
For Iowa Lands, at BURLINGTON, IOWA.
For Nebraska Lands, at LICOLN, NEBRASKA.
jan5w12t

NEW IMPORTATION
FIRST IN THE FIELD.
ELY
OF CHICAGO IS OUT WITH HIS
Spring Importations!
For Gentlement's wear, for 1871, Comprising the
Choicest Fabrics!

produced in the Old World, and being the author of his own styles, he is prepared to make to order for gentlemen's use, in the newest and most artistic mode, garments of all descriptions in his line.

SHIRTS TO MEASURE!
Extra Durable and Perfect in Fit.
WEDDING OUTFITS
A SPECIALTY.
American Livery Artistically Furnished
ELY,
3 and 4 Washington St., CHICAGO.
ESTABLISHED 1854.
feb23w1w

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ventriloquism.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS, by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism, and throw the voice, and perform hundreds of curious and wonderful tricks, by a few hours' practice. This great book sent by mail for 25 cents, or three for 50 cents. Address JAGGERS & CO., Publishers, Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo. march 2-w1t*(2)

ALL WHO WISH TO
REACH THE FARMERS
Send for Estimates in our Agricultural Lists before advertising. PATHFINDER ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION, 115 Madison st., Chicago. mar2w2w

WORCESTER'S
Royal Quarto Dictionary!
1854 PAGES!
OVER 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS!
THE LARGEST!
THE CHEAPEST!
THE BEST!
☞ The BEST SCHOLARS USE IT, and PREFER it. BUY WORCESTER and
Have the Best!
For sale by all booksellers. BREWER & TILESTON, Publishers, 17 Milk Street, Boston.
mar2 w1t 73

AMERICAN BROILER.

Combining, in one of the lightest and simplest of kitchen utensils, all the principles involved in the perfect broiling of meats, with the greatest economy of time and fuel. It sits on the top of the stove or range, over one of the openings; requires no preparation of fire; no coke or charcoal; no pounding of steak; retains all the juices and flavor, which are mostly lost by the ordinary process; broils a steak in from 5 to 7 minutes; renders tough meats tender; does away with all smoke and smell of burning grease; broils equally well over coal or wood; answers for all sized stove or range openings; and is equally good for steak, chicken, ham, chops, fish, and oysters. Is also an unequaled bread-toaster and corn popper.

Now made of Russia iron, with strong rim cover, obviating liability of edges getting jammed by carelessness and thereby destroying necessary close fit.

Guaranteed to fulfill all the above specifications or money refunded. Retail price $2 00. Fine mesh grate for corn popping and coffee roasting, when desired, 25c. extra.

Liberal discount to the trade.

All broilers will have brass label attached, with name and Trade Mark stamped thereon.

American Broiler Manufacturing Co., offices 62 Broad Street, New York, and 169 Race Street, Cincinnati.

For sale at manufacturers prices by Wholesale dealers in Hardware and Tinners stock, generally. mar2w3t 69

The Bright Side,
"*For all Eyes and all kinds of weather.*"
One Dollar a Year.
An Eight Page Illustrated Weekly for Young People, Unequalled in the Amount, Variety, Beauty, Sprightliness and Value of its Contents.

Large Premiums, or Cash Commissions for clubs. Specimens and terms for three cents. Address BRIGHT SIDE COMPANY,
mar2w18t CHICAGO, ILL.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE.
For Educational Purposes.
(BY UNITED STATES AUTHORITY.)

NATIONAL GIFT ENTERPRISE.

Our Third Enterprise for Educational Purposes will be drawn in public in Hon. L. D. CAMPBELL'S HALL, at

Hamilton, Ohio, on Monday, April 17th, 1871.

$30,000 in Valuable and Useful Gifts, to be Distributed to the Ticket Holders.
$5,000 in Gold and Cash Prizes.
One fine pair Matched Horses, Leather-top Buggy and Silver-mounted Harness, worth $1,000.

Single Ticket, $1; Six Tickets, $5.

The National Gift Enterprise is no fabulous Enterprise gotten up for a day, but a thoroughly established monied institution. Chartered for Educational purposes, and conducted in a fair and honorable manner. All who cannot attend will stand as fair a chance as though they were present.

Agents wanted to sell Tickets, to whom liberal deductions will be made.

☞ Drawings take place regular every Sixty Days.

Circular containing references and full information sent to any one ordering them. Address at once L. A. HOLL, Manager,
Lock Box 110, Hamilton, Butler Co., Ohio.
mar2weow3t60

NO
LIVE MECHANIC
Can Afford to be Without Some of
BAIRD'S
BOOKS
FOR PRACTICAL MEN.

My new and enlarged Catalogue of PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS, 82 pages, 8vo., will be sent, free of postage, to any one who will favor me with his address.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD,
Industrial Publisher 406 Walnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
mar2 w2t

L. D. SINE'S
35th Semi-Annual
GIFT DISTRIBUTION
$100,000 IN VALUABLE GIFTS!
1 Cash Prize of $10,000
5 Cash Prizes of $1,000 each
6 Cash Prizes of $500 each
2 Family Carriages and Matched Horses, with Silver-mounted Harness, worth $1500 each!
TWO HORSES & BUGGIES, with Silver-mounted Harness, worth [illegible] each!
TWO FINE ROSEWOOD PIANOS, WORTH [illegible] EACH!
TEN FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, WORTH $100 EACH!
1,500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from [illegible] each!
Gold Vest and Guard Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Ware, Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c.
WHOLE NUMBER OF PRIZES, 10,000 [illegible]
To be drawn Monday, March 27, 1871.
Single Tickets, $2; Six Tickets, $10; Twelve Tickets, $18; Twenty-five Tickets, $40.

Agents wanted to sell Tickets, to whom liberal premiums will be paid. [illegible]

L. D. SINE, Box 86,
CINCINNATI, O.
OFFICE, 101 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

Our Young Folks.

A GHOST STORY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

O tell me a nice, pretty story
About some hobgoblin or ghost,
For, of all the good stories you tell me,
I'd like that, dear papa, the most.

Then climb on my knee, little darling,
And mind you are still as a mouse,
While I tell of a ghost I encountered
One evening in this very house.

Out doors it was wild and forbidding,
And storm fiends were howling around;
And deeper and deeper and deeper,
The snow drifts were heaping the ground.

I plodded up town in the darkness,
Nor heeded the wind's angry shout;
Yet thought I, if ghosts ever wander,
This night they will surely be out.

I longed so to meet you and mamma,
And all thro' the pitiless storm,
I am sure it was thinking about you
That kept me so happy and warm.

The snow never stopped for a minute,
The winds never abated their spite;
And O how my heart leaped within me,
When I saw my own sweet window light!

One moment I paused in the hall way—
The light was uncertain—and yet
I saw at the top of the staircase
A sight I shall never forget.

A silent form looking upon me,
Pure white from the head to the feet!
With fair hair drooped over its shoulders—
A ghost! every item complete!

And still, as I went up the stairway,
This airy form glided before;
Then it scampered away in the darkness,
And fled thro' an opening door.

Ugh! how you were frightened, dear papa!
Why, no! can't you guess, little pet?
It was you in your white cap and nightgown,
And that's all the ghost that I met!
—*Little Corporal.*

PLANTED.

I held my baby on my knee,
My blue eyed Bessie, three years old;
She laid her dimpled cheek on mine,
And in my ear her trouble told.

"Papa, pease may me go to school,
Like Sister Nell and Tatie Snow,"
Then as I smiled she begged,
With kisses sweet, "Pease may me go?"

"When Bessie grows as large as Nell,
Then she may go to school," I said,
"But mother's words and father's rules
Are quite enough for this small head."

She said no more, but sat awhile
"Thinking her think," then ran away;
And as I turned to work again,
I heard her in the yard at play.

Then mother called, "Come, Bessie, come;
'Tis time to go to sleep, you know."
"O, dear mamma, please let me stay!
I'se panted, 'tause I want to grow."

'Twas true! for there our baby stood,
With feet fast planted in the ground,
While water-pot and garden tools,
Ready for use, lay scattered round.

On mother's second call she came,
With rumpled dress and muddy shoes,
And looking up quite grieved, she said,
"Why tan't me grow, as flowers do?"
—*Our Young Folks.*

The People in My Watch.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

From the Little Corporal Magazine.

"Let me out! I want to stretch! I am smothering! I'm all curled up and crippled. Let me out, I say!"

Of course I couldn't write any more, when I heard such cries of distress close by me on the table.

"I say, let me out, I can't stand it!"

And I found that the voice was from the inside of a splendid watch that lay on my table—one of the best watches that I ever knew. Keep it wound up, and it would run a year without losing half a minute. The man that had it before me, said it hadn't varied fifteen seconds in a year. It was one of the "Raymond" watches, such as they make out at Elgin, in Illinois.

Of course I was surprised to hear cries of distress coming from so good a watch. I thought that the inside works of a good watch were contented. Pray, where shall we find contentment, if not in a watch, where everything is so smooth and clean and regular, and keeps on going without any fuss or dust, enough to do every second, and not a bit too much.

"I say, do you hear? Let me out! I can't turn. I can't stretch."

The voice came from the Mainspring. I found, by listening closely at a little hole that is left in the mainspring barrel, through which the teeth talked back to the Mainspring. You see the hole was left there to put oil in, or look through, or talk through, or *something*. It was a half-round hole in Mainspring's "prison," as he called it. And so the Teeth of the spring barrel spoke back—

"O, keep quiet, keep quiet! We can't get along any faster than we do.—We let you uncurl once a day. What more can you ask?"

"Well, but let me stretch out now.—Let me jump. Let me spin and break things. I feel as if I could."

"O, we can't move," said Teeth, "any better than you can. You strain on us, and we strain on the pinion of the Centerwheel. I am sure we wish that Centerwheel would turn faster, but he won't. His teeth come round—we have got pretty well acquainted with them now—they come round about once an hour. They won't hurry."

"Well," said Mainspring, "punch 'em up! punch 'em up! Let's have things moving."

"We're doing our best. But, as you say so, we'll talk to them as they come round. I say, Centerwheel, can't you hurry up a little?"

"Why, bless you," answered Centerwheel, "don't you see that we have to wait on Thirdwheel? You are all the while driving us up, and we go as fast as we can, but we can't hurry up this everlasting slow coach of a Thirdwheel. It goes along in little bits of jerks. There is something or other beyond it that makes a click-click once in so often, just enough to make one wish it would go. Jolly! I wish I was Thirdwheel. I'd let her rip, and have a good time."

"Well," said Centerwheel, "pass it on. Find out what is the matter."

So they passed it on till it came to Escapewheel, with its few and funny teeth—only eight or ten of them. But it was a beautiful wheel, and very delicate, and it kept playing with two jewels, hitting one and then hitting the other; and as soon as they were hit, they would dodge back out of the way; and the jewels couldn't tell why they were dodging so regularly.

"They heard tell," they said, of a Wig-wag, that did nothing all day long but go wig-wag up there on top of us all, having such a good time—he just goes round once in one direction, and then dances round in the other direction—doesn't have to go on regularly, the way we do. It's a real good time he has up there on top of us all!"

"Down with him!" said Mainspring.

"Put him down!" said Teeth.

"Kill him!" said Pinion.

"Let me out!"

"Let us up!"

"Let's run!"

But the teeth were strong, and the pinion sound, and they couldn't get away from each other.

Back and forth went the Balance, which they called Wig-wag. And when the grumblers down below held their tongues a minute, and were hard at work, Balance measured off his words regularly, and said,

"I, too, go in the dark. I am lonely here. I go one way, I go back; I go the same way, I go back. I don't know what I do it for. I am shut in as much as you. You drive me, and I am driven. What it's all for I'm sure I can't tell. A watch is a very great mystery!"

They held a watch council. They stopped complaining and quarreling, and scolding each other, and the question they talked about was—

"What are we for, anyway? What is a watch? We are all shut in here, and we can't get out. What are we for, anyway?"

So they began to look along back from wheel to wheel, till they came to Centerwheel again, and he said,

"My long axle sticks out through the watch, and I don't know what's on the other end of me. It goes out through, and, now and then, I see a little light coming in from that direction. What is done out there I'm sure I can't tell."

"That's the way with me, too," said little Fourthwheel. "One of my pivots is long, and reaches out through a little hole, and a little light comes in now and then, but what it's all for, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what is it for?" said Mainspring.

"What?" said Thirdwheel.

And they all kept on working, wondering WHAT?

So I took up the watch and went with it down to our observatory. It was a beautiful evening. I looked at the hands on the face of the watch, and then I looked through the telescope of the transit instrument, waiting for a star that I should see before long.

Pretty soon the star came sailing in toward the spider lines in the telescope. I held the watch to my ear, and began to count the half seconds. I noted exactly the time when the star touched the spider lines in the telescope. And when the star had got across them all, I corrected the figures and looked at my watch—my beautiful Elgin watch—and found it thirteen seconds slow. Mainspring and two wheels had been listening and wondering, and when I said "thirteen seconds slow," Mainspring whispered to Balance,

"Ask him! ask him what is going on there outside."

So Balance ticked out to me, "'Thirteen seconds slow,' what is that, sir?"

"Don't you know what a watch is for?" said I.

"No," said Balance.

"Why, every time the stars seem to go round us once, your hour hand must go round twice. So it will make no difference whether I measure a year by your hands, that you stick out for me to look at, or by the great stars that God gave me to look at. And when I get a watch that goes regularly, according to God's stars, then I call it a good watch."

"Is that what we are for?" said Balance.

"Yes," said I, "that's what you are or—to go regularly according to God's stars, and help me to go regularly. And I help my boys and girls to go regularly."

"Can you see out?" asked Balance.

"Not very far," I answered.

"Do you want to know what you are for?" asked Balance.

"Yes, I wish I did," I answered.

"Can you ever find out?"

"Yes, I shall know when somebody away up outside tells me, the way I told you."

"What did you say we were for, sir?"

"To go round with God's stars."

Balance said to Fourthwheel, "We keep time with the stars."

And Fourthwheel said to Third, "We keep time with the stars."

And so they passed it back, till they got to Mainspring in his barrel, and told him, "We keep time with the stars."

"O, is that it?" said he. "Well, then I will pull away as hard as I can."

And ever since that night, no matter when I choose to listen, I hear them singing inside my watch-case, "*We keep step with the stars. We keep step with the stars.*"

◆

Little Paul.

Little Paul was a bright boy of five summers, and just as many winters, who used to wear a green jacket. But he did not always wear it, and he was glad enough to go without it. But he dearly loved his hat. He never went without that, if he could possibly help it. He used to put it on the minute he got out of bed, and has been known to sleep in it. One morning in June, little Paul slept rather late, and when he woke up he found himself all alone in the room. So he sprang out of bed, clapped on his hat, and pulled it down tight on his little round head. Then, as there was nobody about, he thought it would be of no use to bother about the rest of his clothes, and so he put his hand under his pillow, got out the copper cents that he had put there the night before, and in his hat and little night gown, started out into the street. He went directly to the largest and handsomest toy-store in the city, which was not far from his father's house, and before the windows of which it was little Paul's greatest delight to linger. When he entered the store, there was no one there but the salesman, and a couple of gentlemen who were talking to him. You may be sure they laughed enough when they saw a little boy come in with nothing on but a hat and a long white night gown. But little Paul had no idea that they were laughing at him, and he marched around the store, looking at all the grand toys, as independent as a king. Presently he made his selection, and going to the salesman he said:

"I want a cent's worth of hummin tops."

The salesman roared out laughing.

"You had better get a cent's worth of jacket and trousers," he said.

Little Paul looked disconsolately down at his costume. He saw that something was wrong, and, a little abashed, he recommenced his tour around the store. He now asked the price of nearly everything he saw, and the man got tired of telling him how many dollars the expensive toys cost. At last, coming to a fine rocking horse, little Paul said:

"How much is that?"

"Oh! nothing," exclaimed the man.

"I'll take that," said little Paul.

But he didn't take it, unfortunately. The man would not keep his word.

This little chap was never afraid of anything. When he went to live in the country that summer, he made friends with all the beasts, birds, and insects he could find, and once came into house with a wiggling garter-snake in his hands. He took great pleasure in catching bees, and, strange to say, he handled them with perfect safety.

But don't you try it.

One day a bee flew in his mouth and stung him dreadfully. But when the swelling went down, little Paul said:

"Oh! that was a stranger bee! If he had knowed me, he wouldn't a' stinged me."

And it did seem as if his dum playmates knew him. The horse never kicked him; the dog never bit him; wasps and bees forgot to sting him; and old hens which, when setting, were savage and cross enough to everybody else, would let him take them up to see if their eggs were hatched, and never make a single peck at him.

After a while he got older, and as he still lived in the country, he was about as lively a little boy as you might see in a day's walk.

One day, when he was about nine years old, he came running into the house crying:

"Mother! O mother! a whale in the river!"

Everybody laughed at him, but he was right. A small whale—the first ever seen in the Delaware river—was rushing up and down in front of the small town near which little Paul lived. It had come up from the ocean, and was now trying to get back, without knowing the way. It ran its head into a sand-bank, floundered into deep water, rushed down the river, then back again, and was, I have no doubt, frightened nearly to death. All the fishermen for miles along the river put out in boats after this poor whale, which was not much longer than a common dining-room, but was a big fish, although rather a little whale.

Little Paul did not stay long in the house. He seized a pitchfork and a clothes line in less than no time, and ran at the top of his speed to the river. Some men were just shoving off in a boat, and without asking any questions, little Paul jumped in. One of them ordered him out, but it was too late now, the boat was off, and the men rowed after the whale as hard as they could pull. Directly they saw it, not more than a quarter of a mile away. They shouted and pulled with all their strength. The man in the bow had some sort of a harpoon, and he stood up ready to throw it. They were not regular whalers, by any means, and they were very much excited.

"There she is!" several of them cried, as the whale showed its back, about a stone's throw from the boat.

"Fire away, Bill! Hit her! Drive into her!"

Little Paul was wild with excitement. He stood up and shouted and screamed.

"Fire away!" And as the harpooner hurled his weapon, little Paul threw his pitchfork with all his might, and drove it into the leg of one of the men in the bow of the boat! The man howled, I can tell you, and the whale disappeared.

The man's leg was not well for a week or two, and little Paul's father had to pay the doctor's bill, and pay also for the poor fellow's lost time. So his little boy's whaling expedition was not very profitable.

The whale was caught that afternoon some ten miles down the river, and was afterward on exhibition in the city. Little Paul was taken to town on purpose to see it, and it was many months before he ceased to regret that he had not gone out in the boat by himself, and caught it with his pitchfork and clothes line. For then, he thought, all the people who came into *his* big shed to see *his* dead whale in a tank would have paid *him* all their quarters, and he would have built his mother a new summer kitchen, besides putting up a splendid chicken-house for himself.—*Hearth and Home.*

◆

Don't Boast.

Walter Harding was a boy who thought he could do everything better than anybody else.

One day a lad from the country was trying to manage a little brown pony, that was both shy and gay.

"Can't you ride any better than that?" said Walter, with a sneer. "If I couldn't make a horse mind better than that, I wouldn't ride at all."

"Suppose you try yourself to manage him," said the lad. "I'll get off and let you mount him; for I am willing to own it is as much as I can do to keep my seat."

"I'll soon show you how to master him," said Walter.

So the lad jumped from the pony's back, and Walter took his place. The pony did not seem to like the change. In vain Walter cried—

"Stop, whoa! Whoa! What do you mean?" The horse danced and reared, and the boy found that conceit wouldn't manage a horse.

He became frightened and was eager to get off; but at that moment a pig crossed the road, and the pony tossing up his hind legs, threw Walter over his head into some soft mud that lay near. He wasn't much hurt, but was taught by his escape and fright a lesson he will never forget.

◆

Something about Yourself.

Supposing your age to be fifteen or thereabouts, I can figure you up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, and 36,772,200 per year. At each beat, a little over two ounces of blood are thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body, of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

◆

Wings By-and-by.

"Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor, and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart: "I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will. Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by-and-bye "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

Walter's hope of heaven made him happy, as it will make any one happy who possesses it.

◆

A Little Hero.

A gentleman, while passing through a street in New York, heard a child's voice from a basement crying "Help! help!" He ran in, and found a little five-year-old boy holding a bed blanket around his sister, two years younger, who had caught her clothes on fire, and the little hero had succeeded in putting out the flames. The boy, in answer to the question why he wrapped the bed blanket around his sister's burning clothes, said ma had told him that was the best way to put out fire, and why he cried "Help! help!" that he was afraid he could not do it, and wanted some one to help. He was then asked why he did not leave his sister, and run into the street, and cry for help. He answered with tears in his eyes, "No, I never would have left her. She is my sister. Had she burned up, I would have burned too."

◆

On Monday last, Orange T. Stage, charged with murder was transferred from South Bend to Plymouth upon an order of change of venue, where he will be tried for the murder of Charles A. Tibbets, on the 19th of May last. It is understood that the plea of self-defence will be set up by his counsel, who rank among the ablest attorneys in Northern Indiana.

Wit and Humor.

THE BILIOUS MAN.

I know a man who always wears
A frown upon his brow,
And never seems to be in peace
Unless he's in a row;
He has a solemn, cautious look,
That deep his wrinkles trace,
And not a ray of mirth is seen
To play upon his face.

He hates to see a prattling child,
Who wears a sunny smile,
The music of whose merry laugh
Is sure to raise his bile.
He wouldn't read a funny book
For fear 'twould raise a grin,
Which he would think an awful thing,
And very much like sin.

He likes to read of battles fought
Upon some bloody plains,
And always counts the numbers killed,
And those who are rent with pain;
He sometimes goes to theatres
To see a tragic play,
But when the farce comes on at last,
He quickly hies away.

He never read a line of Saxe,
Nor would he look at Hood,
But always reads those dismal tales
Which tell of strife and blood;
He'd turn away from sparkling wine
Some bitter drink to quaff,
And frown upon his dearest friend
If he should hear him laugh.

Although he is a pious man,
When e'er he hears a knell,
The first thought of his mind is that
Some soul has gone to — —
Three times a day he offers up
A very fervent prayer,
That Christians may all go above
And sinners to despair.
—*From Figaro.*

◆

Theory vs. Practice.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg, in his capital story, "The Spark of Genius," relates this funny incident and vouches for its truth:

The extent to which theory often fails in practice is furnished by a venerate professor, a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text-books in many of our institutions, and which occurred within the compass of our own experience.

He went to Bethel; on his return, he spent the Sabbath at Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down and broke both thills. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home.

When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together and started. All went well till they came to the long steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick; on its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said, "Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent; take the horse out and I will get into the shafts."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong and so is the arm-girth."

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler; it is too much for the horse. Besides being strong, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and can manage it better than the horse."

"If the horse can't hold it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence, and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business—which is handling a load on a hill—better than all the professers in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer, who confides in me, to take care of his property; if you will take the business out of my hands, and be the horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences."

The professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the lapel of his coat with his right hand.

"I," he replied, with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality nothing loth to witness the operation, took out the horse and held him by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill, and the hinder one a little over the summit, when the professor trod upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward, and increased the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk faster than he desired, and exchange the slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back, and his feet braced—which he had at first adopted, for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a run; the carriages were going at a fearful rate.

At the bottom of the hill was a brook; on each side, precipitous banks. The professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both of them short off; the lashings of the hinder one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender; and both vehicles turned over down hill, with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola—one of his favorite figures,—and landing some rods away. He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man; knees skinned, pants torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the hind carriage; and, looking around, he explained:

"Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum? It was prodigious!"

"I don't know anything about *momentum*," replied Chandler; "but I know something about *horses*. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill whether the horse had two legs or four, and whether he weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds."

It cost the professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horse-power he presented.

◆

Odds and Ends.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Natur never makes enny blunders. When she makes a phool she means it.

I hav finally cum tew the konklusion that the majority of mankind kan be edukated on the back better than in the brain, for good clothes will often make a phool respectable, while edukashun only serves tew show his weak pints.

I never knu a man yet whose name was George Washington Lafayette Goodrich, Esq., and who alwuz signed his name for the full amount, but what wuz a bigger man on paper than he wuz by natur.

As a gineral thing, an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals.

Man is my brother, and I know that I am nearer related to him through his vices than I am thru his virtews.

Thare is nothing about wich the world makes so few blunders, and the individual so menny, as a man's acktual importance among his fellow critters.

A man with a very small head is like a pin without enny, very apt to get into things beyond his depth.

The pashuns ov an old man are often like his teeth, they cease to trouble him, simply bekause the nerve is dead.

The only pedigree worth transmitting is virtew, and this is the very thing that kan't be transmitted.

Affectashun has made more phools than the Lord has.

About the nearest tew absolute insolvency that a man kan git in this world, and think he is dieing rich, is to leave nothing but a pedigree tew his family.

I don't pretend tew hav enny less vile pashuns than my nabors, but I do despize the person, most heartily, who caters tew thoze I have got.

Thare is no pashun ov the human hart that promises so much and pays so little as revenge.

Thare hain't no man yet lived long enuff in this world tew doubt the infalibility ov his judgment.

Thare is this odds between a humorous lekter and a scientifick one, yu hav got to understand the humors lektur tew enjoy it, but you kan enjoy the scientifick one without understanding it.

It is but a step from zeal to bigotry, but it is a step that is most generally taken.

Don't lay enny certain plans for the fewter, it is like planting tuds and expekting to raise tudstools.

No man yet who had strength ov mind enuff ever resorted tew cunning. Cunning is half brother tew fear, and they are both ov them weakness.

A man who is good company for himself is alwuz good company for others.

Genuine praize consists in naming a man's faultz to his face, and his good qualitys tew his back.

One ov the best temporary cures for pride and affecktashun that I hav ever seen tried is sea sickness; a man who vants tew vomit never puts on airs.

A fault concealed is but little better than one indulged in.

Witty speeches are like throwing stones at a target, the more time spent in taking aim, the less danger thare is in hitting the mark.

I hav alwuz noticed one thing, when a person bekums disgusted with this world, and konkludes to withdraw from it, the world very kindly lets the person went.

Woman has no friendships. She either loves, despizes, or hates.

A day in the life of an old man is like one ov the last days in the fall of the year, every hour brings a change in the weather.

I love tew see an old person joyful, but not kickuptheheelsful.

Human happiness is like the Hottentott language, enny body kan talk it well enuff, but there ain't but phew kan understand it.

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is ov a shirt.

Whatever Providence has given us the fakulty tew do, he has given us the power tew do.

There is a grate menny folks in this word who are like little flies; great bores without meaning or knowing it.

All the good injuns die young.

◆

Mark Twain on Juvenile Pugilists.

"Yes, I've had a good many fights in my time," said old John Parkey, tenderly manipulating his dismantled nose, "and it's kind of queer too for when I was a boy, the old man was always telling me better. He was a good man and hated fighting. When I would come home with my nose bleeding or with my face scratched up, he used to call me out in the wood shed, and in a sorrowful, discouraged way, say, 'So, Johnny, you've had another fight, hey? How many times have I got to tell ye how disgraceful and wicked it is for boys to fight? It was only yesterday that I talked to you an hour about the sin of fighting, and here you've been at it again. Who was it with this time? With Tommy Kelly, hey? Don't you know any better than to fight a boy that weighs twenty pounds more than you do, besides being two years older? Ain't ye got a spark of sense about ye? I can see plainly that you are determined to break your poor father's heart by your reckless conduct. What ails your finger? Tommy bit it! Drat the little fool! Didn't ye know enough to keep yer finger out of his mouth? Was trying to yerk his cheek off hey? Won't ye never learn to quit foolin' round a boy's mouth with yer fingers? You're bound to disgrace us all by sech wretched behavior. You're determined never to be nobody! Did you ever hear of Isaac Watts—that wrote "Let dogs delight to bark and bite"—sticking his fingers into a boy's mouth, to get 'em bit, like a fool? I'm clean discouraged with ye. Why didn't ye go for his nose, the way Jonathan Edwards, and George Washington, and Dan'l Webster used to when they was boys? Couldn't cause he had ye down! That's a purty story to tell me. It does beat all that you can't learn how Socrates and William Penn used to gouge when they was under, after the hours and hours I've spent telling you about those great men! It seems to me sometimes as if I should have to give you up in despair. It's an awful trial to me to have a boy that don't pay any attention to a good example nor what I say. What! You pulled out two or three handsful of his hair! H-m! Did he squirm any? Now if you'd a give him one or two in the eye—but as I've told ye, many a time, fighting is poor business. Won't you, for your father's sake—won't you promise to try and remember that? Hm-m! Johnny, how did it—ahem—which licked?

"You licked him! Sho! Really? Well now, I hadn't any idea you could lick that Tommy Kelly! I don't believe John Bunyan, at ten years old, could have done it. Johnny, my boy, you can't think how I hate to have you fighting every day or two. I wouldn't have had him lick you for five, no not for ten dollars. Now sonny go right in and wash up, and tell yer mother to put a rag on yer finger. And, Johnny, don't let me hear of your fighting again!'

"I never see any body so down on fighting as the old man was, but somehow, he never could break me from it."

◆

Too Good to be Lost.

A recent citizen of Catskill, who is as appreciative a judge of the "beauties of nature," unadorned, as he is of the points and adornments of a good story—in fact, possessing a well-developed jugular vein of *bon hommie*—sends us, from his Gothenhome, the following brace of "good 'uns," which we embalm:

Last Saturday, the Judge and myself took a fifteen-mile walk on Long Island, in the course of which we met and were introduced to a hale, hearty old man, with faculties unimpaired, over whose head had passed eighty seven summers. Judge M. (who is about 40 years younger) asked him how he had managed to keep in so good a state of preservation.—The old gentleman replied: "By chewing and smoking tobacco; taking my 'tods' regularly, but not to excess; and by keeping jolly and cheerful at heart. I feel like a boy of thirteen." "That's right," replied the Judge, "when I am eighty-seven—" "Come and see me," interrupted the old man. "I will," said the Judge, "if you are not *in to hot a place.*"

A few stories were exchanged during the walk, this among others: Sheriff E., of Delaware Co., some years since, was kicked by a horse, and so seriously injured that his life was endangered. A neighboring minister called upon the Sheriff, when he was supposed to be near his end, and asked: "Mr. E., are you prepared to go out of the world?"

The reply was not ambiguous. "I suppose so, but I dont want to be kicked out by an old mare."—*Catskill Recorder.*

THE SQUIRE'S INDIGESTION.—Old Squire H—— was a very successful and substantial farmer in an interior town of Massachusetts, and a most amazing eater never lived in any town anywhere. And especially much did he eat when fresh pork was to be his nourishment. Well, at a certain time, one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most woodrously. In the course of the forenoon he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince pie, and cheese. At noon his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon. When he came home to supper, his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantials. He ate voraciously as usual. In the evening he toasted some cheese, buttered and ate it. Just before going to bed he roasted a couple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe colic. The doctor was with him till morning, and nearly wrought a miracle in the old man's life. The next day, Bolles W., one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the old Squire.

"Faithful Bolles," said the old worthy, "I like to have died last night. I'll never eat another roast apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me."

AN INCONSOLABLE WIDOW.—There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Dietrich Van Pronk, kicked the bucket and left her inconsolable. Folks said grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very much like her late husband, in order to be constantly reminded of the dear departed. In about a half year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her they were out of kindling-wood, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied, in a very quiet way—"Maybe, it ish vell enough now to split up old Van Pronk, vat ish up stairs."

In all policies of life-insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "If living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied he had got an excellent subject, but feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-lived family.

"Oh, you see, sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but if living they would be as aged as there put down."

"Oh I see!" said the agent.

A scoffer at the achievements of science, who has been contending that he could not learn from the most careful reading of the papers what good the scientific party on Mount Washington is doing, was dumbfounded last Saturday, when he learned by the daily report that they had discovered "a snow-flake of a heretofore undiscribed form."

A thief lately "went through" the house of the Governor of Louisiana, and among other things stole the manuscript of a message to the Legislature, which prevented the delivery of the message to that body in time to effect the purpose designed. A member of the Legislature proposed that a pension be conferred upon the thief.

A citizen of Illinois wrote to a piano-forte maker in Chicago for a $400 piano. It was sent to him. A few weeks afterward, the manufacturer received a note from the purchaser, saying, "My wife and me can't find the key to wind the darned thing up. Send it to us right off, and tell us how to make the critter squawk."

DRAWING.—A drawing master, worrying his pupil with contemptous remarks upon his lack of ability, ended by asking, "Now, sir, if you were going to draw me, what part would you commence with first?" The boy, with a meaning look into the master's face, answered very quietly, "Your neck, sir."

An eccentric minister, in a large parish had seventeen couples to marry at once in a grand common service at church. In the course of the weddings he asked one of the men to pledge himself to the wrong woman. The man naturally protested, but was told—"Hold you tongue! I will marry you all now and here; you can sort yourselves going home."

A gentleman was one day composing the music of a rondeau for a lady to whom he paid his addresses. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "O!" she replied carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better." The company smiled at the rejoinder, and the gentleman it was surely thought would take her at her word, but he didn't!

A man named Bowen ran away from St. Louis and his wife. The wife followed, and overtook him; and claiming to be Bowen of his Bowen, and flesh of his flesh, nailed him and took him back to all the comforts of a home.

A Kansas paper tells of "an Assistant Qurtermaster of the United States army, whose economical habits enabled him to lay by for a rainy day over $150,000, in the short space of five years, on a salary of $125 a month."

A practical printer in California claims to have fairly won the title of a practical undertaker, as he has killed, in an editorial capacity, no less than twenty-nine newspapers. He is still in the prime of manhood.

"It is difficult to 'trip it on the light, fantastic toe,' nowadays," said Bridger. "Why so?" asked Flidger. "Because all the light fantastic tow is now made into chignons," replied Bridger.

"Sir," said a guest to his host at dinner, "this is a capital sirloin, please tell me the name of your purveyor?" "Addison," was the reply. "Any relation to the *Spectator*?" added the gentleman. "Probably," said the other; "I have often seen steel by his side."

An eccentric minister in a large parish had seventeen couples to marry at once in a grand common service at church. In the course of the wedding he asked one of the men to pledge himself to the wrong woman. The man naturally protested, but was told, "Hold your tongue! I will marry you all now and here, you can sort yourselves going home."

Rev. Dr. Tyng met an emigrant family going West. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the doctor. "Why, it's my Taylor jug," said the man. "What is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in Gen. Taylor's army in Mexico, and the General always told him to carry his whisky jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

An incident is related that occurred at Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific Railroad, a few months ago. Mrs. Haggerty kept an eating house there, and after partaking of a very indifferent lunch for which the charge was one dollar, a gentleman commenced criticising the bill of fare. A rough customer, with a bowie knife and pistol displayed in his belt, approached him and addressed him as follows: "Sir, the man that don't like Mrs. Haggerty's hash is a liar—and that's the kind of a man I am."

Von Moltke received an impudent request in a letter from one of our American cousins in New York, which ran something as follows: "About 100 chassepots would be very acceptable for my show, and one of each of the different French uniforms is absolutely necessary, all new if possible. As you have so many mitrailleurs, you might perhaps spare me a few; I guess they would be very acceptable." The letter went the round of the German officers, and created no end of merriment, as may be supposed.

FINANCIAL.

NEW 7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. CO.

Secured by First Mortgage on Railroad and Land Grant.

Safe! Profitable! Permanent!

We offer for sale at par and accrued interest the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They are free from United States Tax, and are issued of the following denominations: Coupons, $100 $500, and $1,000; Registered $100, $500, $1,000 $5,000 and $10,000.

With the same entire confidence with which we commended Government bonds to Capitalists and People, we now, after the fullest investigation, reccommend these Northern Pacific Railroad bonds to our friends and the general public.

GOLD PAYMENT.—Both principal and interest are payable in American gold coin at the office of Jay Cooke & Co., New York city—the principal at the end of 30 years, and the interest (at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum) half yearly, first of January and July.

PERFECT SAFETY.—The bonds we are now selling, are secured by a first and only mortgage on all the property and rights of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which will embrace on the completion of the work:

1. Over two Two Thousand Miles of Road, with rolling stock, buildings and all other equipments.

2. Over Twenty-two Thousand Acres of Land to every mile of finished road. This land, agricultural, timbered and mineral, amounting in all to more than Fifty Million Acres, consists of alternate sections, reaching twenty to forty miles on each side of the track, and extending in a broad fertile belt from Wisconsin through the richest portions of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, to Puget Sound.

While the Government does not directly guarantee the bonds of the Road, it thus amply provides for their full and prompt payment by an unreserved grant of land, the most valuable ever conferred upon a great national improvement.

THE MORTGAGE.—The trustees under the Mortgage, are Messrs. Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, and J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. They will directly and permanently represent the interests of the First Mortgage bond holders, and are required to see that the *proceeds of land sales* are used in *purchasing and cancelling the bonds of the Company* if they can be bought before maturity at not more than 10 per cent premium; otherwise the Trustees are to invest the proceeds of land sales in United States Bonds or Real Estate Mortgages for the further security of Northern Pacific bondholders. Also, that they leave at all times in their control, as security, at least 500 acres of average land to every $1,000 of outstanding first mortgage bonds, besides the railroad itself and all its equipments and franchises.

PROFITABLENESS.—Of course nothing can be safer than the bonds of the United States, but as the Government is no longer a borrower, and as the Nation's present work is not that of preserving its existence, but that of DEVELOPING A CONTINENT, we remind those who desire to increase their income and obtain a more permanent investment, while still having a perfectly reliable security; that:

United States 5-20's at their average premium yield the present purchaser less than 5½ per cent. gold interest. Should they be redeemed in five years and specie payments be resumed, they would really pay only 4½ per cent., or if in three years, only 3½ per cent, as the present premium would meanwhile be sunk.

Northern Pacific 7-30's selling at par in currency yield the investor 7 3-10 per cent gold interest absolutely for thirty years, *free from United States tax*. $1,100 currency invested now in Northern Pacific 7-30's will yield per year in gold $80,30. Here is a difference in *annual income* of nearly *one-third*, besides a difference of 7 to 10 per cent, in principal, when both classes of bonds are redeemed.

THE ROAD NOW BUILDING.—Work was begun in July last on the eastern portion of the line, and the money provided, by the sale to stockholders of some six millions of the Company's bonds, to build and equip the road from Lake Superior across Minnesota to the Red River of the North—233 miles. The grading on this division is now well advanced, the iron being rapidly laid; several thousand men are at work on the line, and about the first of August next this important section of the road will be in full operation. In the meantime orders have been sent to the Pacific coast for the commencement of the work on the western end in early Spring, and thereafter the work will be pushed both eastward and westward, with as much speed as may be consistent with solidity and a wise economy.

RECEIVABLE FOR LANDS.—These bonds will be at all times receivable, at 10 per cent premium in payment for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash price.

BONDS EXCHANGABLE.—The registered bonds can be exchanged at any time for coupons, the coupons for registered, and both these can be exchanged for others, payable, principal and interest, at any of the principal financial centres of Europe, in the coin of the various European countries.

HOW TO GET THEM.—Your nearest bank or banker will supply these bonds in any desired amount, and of any needed denomination. Persons wishing to exchange stocks or other bonds for these, can do so with any of our agents, who will allow the highest current price for all remarketable securities.

Those living in localities remote from banks, may send money, or other bonds, directly to us by express, and we will send back Northern Pacific bonds at our own risk, and without cost to the investor. For further information, pamphlets, maps, etc., call on or address the undersigned, or any of the Banks or Bankers employed to sell this loan.

FOR SALE BY

JAY COOKE & CO.,

Fiscal Agents Northern Pacific Railroad Co. 114 South Third Street, Philadelphia; Corner of Nassau and Wall Streets, New York; 452 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C., by National Banks, and by Brokers generally throughout the country.

J. V. PAINTER, Banker,
Cleveland,

General Agent For Northern Ohio.

For sale in Toledo by

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
KRAUS & SMITH, BANKERS,
C. H. COY & CO., BANKERS,
TOLEDO SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
BANK FOR THE PEOPLE.

jai 19w3

Farm and House.

For the Blade.

BINDING WHEAT.

BY GEO. KINGLE.

Binding wheat and singing low,
Watching where the reapers go,
Watching here amidst the rest—
Strong arms folded on his breast—
Stands the noblest of them all,
Stands the stalwart youth and tall;
Stands the hamlet's greatest pride—
Stands the reaper, eagle eyed.

Watching, singing soft and low,
Binding sheaves with cheeks aglow—
Where in all the country old
Are locks that burn to deeper gold,
Brown locks that gather sun and shade
Beneath the pointed mat of braid;
And where in all the country-side
Could reaper find a sun-browned bride,
With daintier curve of lip and chin,
Or purer heart to give to him?

If, kneeling by the sheaf she bound
With tardy hand, her eye hath found
Some hazy hill-top distant far,
Or glimmer of the first dim star;
If, drifting on the tide of thought,
She dreams and hath forgot
All else, who wonders that across the grain
A figure turning, halts again—
A stalwart figure, broad and tall,
With manly bearing over all—
What wonder that his kindling eye
Sees not the brown thrush fluttering by,
Sees not the thousand forms of grace—
Sees nothing but the sun-browned face.

SELLERSVILLE, PA.

◆

The Farmer's Horse.

What course should the farmer pursue in regard to the breeding and raising of horses? because be it known that we are writing for and talking to the farmer—Should he breed race horse's, or purely draft-horses? The intelligent farmer who has an eye to his own welfare, will as a general thing, breed neither the one or the other in their purity.

The thoroughbred horse is the animal to which the farmer must ever look for the improvement and value of his horses. He is of a pure race and for all purposes the highest type of the equine species. He possesses inherently the highest attributes of form, power and endurance. Therefore he must, and as the experience of ages has shown, always will be the improver of all other grades of the horse kind.

The animal which the intelligent farmer ought to and ever will breed, is a grade between the thoroughbred and the draft—what may with propriety be termed a coach or carriage horse—of which the highest type is the Cleveland Bay.—This animal is not only capable of performing all the labor on the farm better than any other, but he is fit for the carriage, the road, the plow, the wagon, or the reaping machine. He is of high form and great constitution. He has more power of endurance, greater strength, more activity, and is easier kept than the pure draft horse. He can do all and anything that the draft horse can do, and a great deal more. He is capable of improving the draft horse, while the draft horse is not capable of improving him or any other of a higher grade than himself. From the union of this grade with the thoroughbred, we have the hunter, the charger, the coach horse, the hackney and the trotter. Not only is he of greater service to the farmer for all farm purposes, but when brought to the market, he speedily replenishes his purse, because he is of ready sale and commands a high price. He is of no expense to train, and he is ever in demand. He should never be under 16 hands or weigh less than twelve hundred pounds.

That the horse here described meets the demands of the farmer better than any other, no intelligent farmer will deny. But, it will be asked, how is the farmer to breed this noble specimen? It is often easier to ask questions than to answer them. This, however, is a question to experience has already solved, therefore there can be but little difficulty in answering it.

Every farmer who breeds horses for his own use or the market, should at the outset possess himself of a highly formed, powerfully built, well *bred* mare, standing at least 15.2 high, and weighing not less than 1,200 pounds in ordinary condition. This mare he should breed to a thoroughbred horse of pure pedigree, good form, great strength and depth of body, standing on short, powerful limbs. He should be at least 16 hands high and weigh not less than 1,200 pounds. From the union of these you may well expect a fine animal. The mare must be at least reasonably well-bred, and ought to be larger, if anything, than the horse. Never breed to a small or delicate thoroughbred. If you sow weeds you cannot expect to reap wheat.

It may be asked why the same result could not be attained by breeding your fine mare to one of the many breeds of draft horses. It might suffice to say, that experience shows it cannot; but this experience rests on reason. The thoroughbred and draft horse are of the same *genus*, but they are of entirely different origin. In form and physical constitution, they are widely different. The thoroughbred is the highest and most perfect type of the horse kind; while the draft horse is the very lowest. In physical composition and form they differ as widely as the Caucasian does from the Ethiopian.

If you breed a superior race with an inferior, the product will not be similar to either. It will degrade the superior and elevate the grade of the inferior. Hence it is called a mongrel grade. If you breed an inferior race with a grade lower than a superior, the product will be inferior to both, because the tendency of all animals is to revert to the origin that most strongly predominates in it. Therefore, if you breed your quarter or eighth bred mare to a coarse Norman, Percheron, Clydesdale, Punch or Lincolnshire stallion, the product must be the inferior of both, because you are not elevating the standard, but degrading it.

Then, good farmers—because it is to you that I am speaking—if you have a good, large, well-formed, well-bred mare, do not sell her, but breed her to the largest, most powerful and best made thoroughbred you can find, and when the product comes, do not be afraid to feed it plenty of good oats and corn, and you will have a horse much better and far more valuable for all purposes than the grand old mare herself. If you have any ill-shaped, diminutive or crippled mares or horses, sell them for whatever you can, but do not breed to or from them; and in a few years your horses will not only be a pleasure to look at, but be of ready sale and equal to so much money in the bank.—*Cor. National Live Stock Journal.*

◆

SUPERIOR WASHING FLUID.—One-half pound of stone lime, and five quarts of soft water; put all together in an iron pot, and bring to a boiling heat, stirring and skimming the while; when the soda and lime are dissolved, pour all into an earthen vessel, and keep well covered, to prevent the loss of strength; then to each boiling, just before you put in your clothes, stir one teacupful of this fluid in your boiling water; let your clothes boil about twenty minutes, then rinse well in three waters. Take care to see the fluid is quite clear before using. Soak your clothes over night, and use this fluid in boiling, and they will be snow white, and need no more than half the rubbing generally necessary.

MRS. ANDREW PARNELL.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Experiment in Feeding Bees.

The season of 1869 was one of the poorest ever known in this country for the honey bee. Thousands of stocks came out in the spring of that year, weak in numbers and many were but poorly supplied with honey and pollen; and adding to this a cold, backward, and unfavorable spring, the prospect for securing many new swarms or much surplus honey was certainly not very favorable. But few stocks commenced, with us, to raise brood with much activity until the warm weather of June; and, as a consequence new swarms did not issue until late in the season.—The cold and excessive wet weather which followed throughout most of the honey season came nigh utterly destroying the sanguine hopes and expectations of thousands of bee keepers in the Northern States; and I know of many persons that had kept bees successfully for several years, who, losing every stock which they possessed during the past winter, have abandoned the pleasant and profitable occupation of bee culture in disgust. And now I ask, might not very many of the bees which perished the past winter have been saved with but little outlay of time or money? I will now relate an experiment that I made last season, which fully proves to my own satisfaction that the above question can be answered in the affirmative. It is a well established fact that if the dairy farmer would secure an uninterrupted flow of milk from his cows, he must provide an abundance of green, succulent food during the months of August and September, when pastures generally become dry and parched. And if, from any cause, forage is cut short, is it not equally important that we feed our bees as our dairy stock? Is it not well known that when the bees are gathering honey with activity, the queen lays rapidly; and on the contary, if they remain idle, she will lay sparingly or cease entirely until honey again becomes abundant.

But to return to our experiment. July had been a cold, disagreeable, and excessively wet month, and the first half of August was equally as unfavorable for the honey bee. I selected a small, second swarm, that had come off quite late, and commenced feeding them in the following manner: I placed a box six inches square having neither top nor bottom, over a small aparature in the honey board; then filling a small shallow dish with liquid honey holding about four ounces, placed it in the box and covered it up. This was done each day an hour before sunset, removing the dish the next morning. Small splinters of wood were placed upon the honey to keep the bees from drowning. This was continued until honey became abundant — about three weeks. As a result, this swarm at the beginning of winter was twice as strong in numbers as those that were not fed, and had double the amount of honey, though some of the latter were the best stocks in August. This swarm was left upon its summer stand for further experiment, but was overturned on the evening of the 16th of January, 1860, by the wind which swept over the Western States upon that night. It then contained at least twenty pounds of honey, while the bees were stronger in numbers than at the beginning of winter. Several of the combs contained brood in all stages of development. Many stocks that were in much better condition than this one, five months previous, had already perished in this vicinity. Does not this show the importance of feeding our bees whenever a supply of honey can be obtained?—*H. A. B., in Western Rural.*

◆

How to Make Hens Lay.

People would better understand this matter, says the *Country Gentleman*, if they considered for a moment a hen to be, as she is, a small steam engine, with an egg-laying attachment; and there must be a constant supply of good feed and pure water to keep the engine and its attachment up to its work. In addition to keeping be ore hens, which have complete liberty, a constant supply of pure water, summer and winter, I have found that during the cool and cold weather of fall, winter and spring, a dough compounded as follows, fed one day and then intermitted for two days, to produce excellent results:—To three gallons of boiling water add one half an ounce of common salt, a tea spoonful of cayenne pepper, and four ounces of lard. Stir the mixture until the pepper has imparted considerable of its strength to the water. Meantime the salt will have been dissolved and the lard melted. Then, while yet boiling hot, stir in a meal made of oats and corn, ground together in equal proportions, until a stiff mush is formed. Set away to cool down to a milk warmth. Before feeding, taste to see that you have an overdose neither of salt nor pepper, and to prevent the hens being imposed upon with a mixture not fit to be eaten. The hen mush should not be more salt than to suit your own taste, nor so hot with pepper that you could not swallow it, were so much in your broth. Beware of too much salt, too much lard, and too much pepper; and beware, too, where the seasoning is not too high, of feeding this dough too long at a time. Let the hens be fed one day fully with it, then let it be omitted and the ordinary feed given two days, and so on, and the result will be found satisfactory. Take notice—hens fed this way will be a good deal less inclined to set than when fed in the ordinary manner.

◆

PRESERVE THE YOUNG FOREST TREES.—In almost every part of our country it is the common practice to pasture the lot which contains the reservation of growing timber. Sheep, cattle and horses eat every young tree as it starts from the seed, so that in a few years when the old trees are gone, none will be growing to take their places. As a man raises lambs, calves and colts to perpetuate his live stock, so he or his children will find it necessary to preserve the young trees. Look out for the wood-lot. If you have a farm destitute of growing timber, plant young trees and take good care of them. By so doing you will show love for your country, and wise foresight for the coming generation.

HINT TO BEE KEEPERS.—It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind of the bee-keeper, that a small colony should be confined to a small space, if we wish the bees to work with the greatest energy, and offer the stoutest resistance to their numerous enemies. Bees do most unquestionably "abhor a vacuum," if it is one which they can neither fill, warm, nor defend. Let the prudent bee-master keep his stocks strong, and they will do more to defend themselves against all intruders, than he can possibly do for them, even though he spend his whole time in watching and assisting them.—*Langstroth.*

◆

PRESERVATION OF BOOTS AND SHOES.—The extreme heat in which most men and women expose boots and shoes during winter deprives leather of its vitality, rendering it liable to break and crack. When leather becomes so warm as to give off the smell of leather, it is singed. Close rubber shoes also destroy the life of leather. All varnish and as blacking containing the properties of varnish should be avoided. Shoe leather is greatly abused. Persons know nothing or care less about the kind of material used than about the polish produced. Vitrol blacking is used until every particle of oil in the leather is destroyed. To remedy this abuse the leather should be washed once a month with warm water; and when about half dry, a coat of oil and tallow should be applied, and the boots set aside for a day or two. This will renew the elasticity and life of the leather, and when thus used the upper leather will seldom crack or break.

◆

Domestic Economy.

RIBBONS RENEWED.—Wash in cool suds made of fine soap, and iron when damp. Cover the ribbon with a clean cloth, and pass the iron over that. If you wish to stiffen the ribbon, dip it, while drying into gum arabic water.

TO KEEP KNIVES FROM RUSTING.—An excellent way to keep knives from rusting is to scour them on a board, crosswise, with some dry brick, after having wiped them perfectly dry, and put them away without wiping off the brick dust.

HOW TO CLEAN OIL CLOTHS.—If you wish to have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are wiped drop a few spoonsful of milk over them and rub them with a dry cloth.

SWEEPING CARPETS.—I think the correct solution of the carpet sweeping problem has not yet been properly given. Those who have written on the subject are in favor of wetting the carpet in some form before sweeping.

I think a carpet is seldom used where it is more exposed to dirt and dust than in a farmer's dining and sitting room, where there are four or five men going out and coming in many times each day.

Still, one so used may be kept quite clean, and by the following process:—Spread the floor with straw about an inch thick; stretch the carpet over it; then sweep thoroughly with a clean, dry broom, taking care that nothing wet ever touches the carpet.

After about three months' use, it should be taken up and dusted, taking care not to leave it out exposed to dew or rain. It should then be turned over, and put down as before, and it will be nearly as clean as new. There should, of course, be some oil cloth about the stove and a few mats in the most exposed places.

My advice is to leave the throwing on of snow, and sweeping with wet brooms, to merchants and shopmen, to whom it may be a necessity. The Bridget that would insist upon throwing wet paper, and emptying the contents of the tea-pot on my carpet, would have to resign that part of her work to more careful hands.

FRIED CABBAGE.—Shave as fine as possible; put in your kettle, in which have a little boilling water; cover, and when it begins to be tender, salt it; when done very tender, leave the cover off, add some butter and pepper, and vinegar or not, just as you like. Let the cabbage cook down as dry as possible, without burning, stirring it frequently.

BARLEY BROTH.—Boil gently, for half an hour, ½ pint of pearl brandy, in a gallon of water; take 3 lbs. of lamb-cuob, with the fat cut off, or a rib of beef, and put it in a stew pan with water to cover; add any kind of vegetables—carrots, turnips, onions, and clery—cut fine, when tender, add to the barley water, and boil slowly two hours. Salt and pepper to taste.

STEWED POTATOES.—Slice thin, and boil in water till tender; pour off the water and put in some butter, salt, pepper and rich cream, and a dust of flour. Before taking up, stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, with some chopped parsley.

BEAN SOUP.—Soak a pint of small white beans over night; boil slowly three hours, adding a small piece of ham when done. Season well, and strain.

DRIED EGGS.—The eggs must be beaten to a uniform consistency and poured in thin layers upon polished iron plates, which are placed in a current of hot air; the paste rapidly dries, and must be packed in hermetically sealed cases. When required for use, the dried egg can be dissolved in cold water and beaten to a foam like fresh eggs. It is said that eggs can be preserved for years in this way, and that they retain their agreeable flavor to the last.—*Journal of Applied Chemistry.*

GRAHAM BREAD.—Try the following and you will find there is no need of working with yeast or of baking bread from one to three hours, when made of unbolted wheat flour:

Take one pint of sour milk, two even tea-spoons of soda; add salt and sugar or molasses according to taste. Stir all together, and then work in enough flour to make a batter as stiff as for drop cake. Drop in small buttered tins or muffin rings, or bake as two loaves on common pie pans, in a quick oven. It in loaves, the batter should be a little stiffer and the baking slower. One or two eggs may be added if desired, in which case use less soda and sour milk. One quart of flour is the amount usually required to make the batter of the required stiffness.

TO DESTROY RED SPIDERS ON FUCHSIAS.—A Philadelphia correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says: "Fill a barrel nearly full of water and slake in it about a quarter of a peck of lime, and let it stand until perfectly clear. Hold the plants affected in the water (bottom up) for about five or ten minutes, then wash them with pure water."

COOKING LARGE POTATOES.—Why is it that the largest and best potatoes on the dish are almost invariably spoiled by being a little underdone, when every one knows that the difficulty can be so easily obviated? Always make a rule, in boiling potatoes, to assort them and put the larger ones in the pot a few minutes before the smaller ones are thrown in.

◆

A Subterranean Water Course.

A correspondent of the Northville (Mich.) *Record* writes as follows:

"Some three years since a well, on the premises of Mr. John C. McFarlan, of this place, that had for thirty years or more, furnished a full supply of water for the use of the family, became suddenly and entirely dry. The singular manner in which the hitherto unfailing supply disappeared, impressed the owner with the idea that a new subterranean water course had been formed, that had effectually ruined the old well. Some time after the above event, Mr. McFarlan, in passing a ravine on his farm through which a small stream runs, had had his attention attracted to a spot near him by a rushing sound of water. On going to the place indicated by the noise, he found that a stream had forced its way to the surface and was discharging its waters into the ravine through an orifice some six inches in diameter. Upon this discovery, the owner at once conceived the idea of accomplishing a three fold object, namely, to place a dam across the ravine of sufficient hight to raise the water about 14 feet and use the power thus obtained for the purpose of driving machinery. The pond created by the dam would cover about half of an acre and was to be stocked with fish; also a supply of water was to be forced back into the old family well.

"In accomplishing these objects the owner was entirely successful. The surplus water furnished all the power necessary for a first class cider mill. The well was again made to minister to the wants of the family, the water having been raised in it to the depth of over four feet. Then the owner, at a considerable expenditure of money, patience and time, succeeded in stocking the pond with, perhaps, the finest collection of fish to be found in any similar establishment in the State. The clear sparkling waters of the pond, with its myriads of finny occupants, and its beautiful surroundings, form a picture that cannot fail to interest, and fill with admiration every beholder.

"Another result in this connection remains to be told and that will be, perhaps the most interesting part to the scientific readers of the *Record*. The water is drawn from the well with an old fashioned windlass and bucket. Five or six months since it was observed that some obstruction prevented the bucket from filling readily, and upon examination it was found that the water was literary alive with fish. The supposition is that they had followed the underground water course from the fish-pond which lies some 80 rods distant, and this being the first breathing place, they had availed themselves of it. They must be continually passing back and forth, for while they are caught almost daily with hook and line from the well in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of a large family, there is no apparent decrease in their numbers.

"The above would seem to be an explanation of the theory of underground communication between different bodies of water, and shows the manner in which fish have found their way into lakes or ponds having no apparent inlet or outlet."

◆

Women Lecturers

From Harper's Easy Chair.

Yet there remains in many courteous and generous minds the old prejudice. A woman should not speak in public, they say. Go if you will, and enjoy listening if you can; but we will stay away, for we do not think it feminine. Yet the good friend who says this went with delight to hear Jenny Lind; and pays for himself, Mrs. Friend, and the two Misses Friend, sixteen dollars to hear Nilsson; carriage, four dollars; gloves and incidental expenses, five dollars—a neat sum of twenty-five dollars. He likes music, she is a sweet singer, and it is *comme il faut* to hear the famous prima donna. Certainly the Easy Chair does not quarrel with those who like to hear music and sweet singers. But we were speaking of propriety. Now, why is it not as unfeminine for a woman to sing upon a platform in a public hall as to speak upon the same platform? If she sings badly, certainly she ought to be severely discouraged; and if she speaks badly, let her—we say it, "in a spirit of love"—hold her tongue. But, then, in the same spirit, we say the same thing to singers and orators who are not women. Is it proper and manly and becoming to his sex that a man should sing or speak who has no talent for singing or speaking? It is not this Easy Chair which asserts it.

But when the woman has a noble talent for song, exquisitely cultivated—when Jenny Lind stands before us, with her hands resting one upon the other, and her very soul sings, "I know that my redeemer liveth,"—is it improper? Is it unbecoming? Why, our good friend himself goes home a better man, because a more believing; for that marvelous song. But suppose that instead of singing those words from the Bible with such earnestness and conviction and power that they shone with new light, and illuminated your duty, would it be unfeminine or improper that she should do it? If a woman is evidently shallow and vain, and is plainly more concerned with the effect that her toilet will produce than with that of her words—if what she says is evidently said of sensation—no man and no woman will care to hear her. But there are women as intelligent, who think as much and feel as deeply, as the best men; and when one of them, feeling the influence of certain customs and laws in society as no man can feel them, appeals soberly and eloquently, to the judgment and conscience of society, it is a peculiarly becoming, and especially feminine, duty that she does.

◆

AMMUNITION.

Any of our Agents, or persons who wish to become such, who want specimen copies, or our new illustrated poster representing NASBY'S removal from his Post Office, should write for them and they will be sent at once.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 19.—In the National Assembly to-day M. Thiers delivered a speech in his capacity as Chief Executive of the French Republic. He dwelt on the distress and suffering which had been caused by the war and German invasion, and the necessity of peace. Nevertheless, said Thiers, the terms of peace would be courageously discussed with the Prussians, and would only be accepted if consistent with the honor of France. The task of the Administration is pacific, to reorganize the country, to restore its credit and reorganize labor. When this is accomplished, the country itself will decide its destinies.

The Assembly subsequently adopted the proposal made by the government to send fifteen deputies to Paris to act intermediately between the negotiators and the Assembly. Thiers proposed that the Assembly suspend its sittings during the negotiations.

PARIS, February 21.—Thiers' plan is to conclude peace upon Bismarck's terms, clear France of the Germans, bring back the French army and give the command to Changarnier, induce the National Assembly to proclaim the charter of 1830 of the supreme law, and provide for a plebiscite to decide whether Count de Paris shall be king. The opinion grows that the German terms will be accepted without modification.

BERLIN, Feb. 21.—The Nord Deutsche Zeitung says that Bismarck does not follow a personal, but German policy. He will be the most unpopular man in Germany if he does not bring peace negotiation to an issue which the people, after their sacrifices, have a right to expect.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times telegraphs on the 20th: The Great Northern Railroad is sharing its supply of fuel with the population of Paris.

Since the 3d instant, 14,352 oxen, 15,352 sheep, 1,770 cows, 3,768 pigs, 20,000,991 kilogrammes of grain, 29,327,580 kilogrammes of flour and 9,190,629 biscuits have been received.

◆

DOMESTIC NEWS.

BAY OF SAMANA, Jan. 27.—We had charming weather for the first two days out—cold indeed, but bright and clear, with fresh and favoring winds, and every prospect of a pleasant voyage. But towards evening of the second day, in the rough latitude of Hatteras, our troubles began, and from that time until we neared our destination we experienced abundant discomfort and many stormy seas, though without any specially severe test of the sea going qualities of the frigate, using generally both steam and sails.

We have made a moderately quick passage, but the behavior of the vessel under steam is far from satisfactory, the machinery is found to be full of serious defects. As a sailor, however, the ship is pronounced faultless. We had been out of sight of land six days and a half when on the morning of the 24th we heard from the lookout in the main top the welcome cry "land, ho!" The morning was the hottest we had yet felt. A burning sun blistered the deck; the brass work of the frigate glowed like fire and the waters [illegible] like burning metal under the blazing heavens. There was hardly a breath of air, and as we steamed through the calm sea the sails hung useless from the yards. At two o'clock in the afternoon we dropped anchor in the outer harbor of Samana, about two miles from the village, over the property leased by the United States, and floated the American flag, and found in the harbor the United States steamer Nantasket, Captain McCook.

CLUB RATES.

Additions may be made to clubs at any time at club rates, and the papers for a club will be sent to as many different Post Offices as desired. Agents will please remember this in making up their lists.

PERIODICALS.

FREE Try samples of our great $1 Weekly. The GAZETTE, Hallowell, Maine. feb16w4t-65

GEN. LEE—His Life and Times. A beautiful volume of 850 pages, with 30 steel Engravings. Price $3.75. Agents wanted. $150 a month made. W. T. KEENER, Publisher, Chicago, Ill. feb16w2t131

Established in 1861.

$5,000
IN CASH PRIZES!

$7,000
IN OTHER GIFTS!

Eighth Annual Distribution OF PREMIUMS
TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE
DETROIT
COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER
Thursday, March 30, 1871.

Subscription Price $2.50 per Year.

☞ Send for a Prospectus containing references, account of drawings, notices of the press, etc., etc.

☞ Send for Catalogue containing full list of gifts.

☞ Send for sample papers.

Address,
WM. H. BURK,
Publisher Detoit Commercial Advertiser.
feb16w1mo

DRUNKARD STOP!

HARDING'S antidote will *positively* make a sober man of the *most hopeless* drunkard. Sent on receipt of $1. Address
H. C. HARDING,
feb28w12t Lock Box 59, Elmwood, Ill.

MARK TWAIN'S

NEW BOOK will be published this week. It contains his Autobiography (burlesque), his first novel, and other satires. Illustrated sample copies sent pre-paid on receipt of 75 cents. Agents wanted. Address
feb23w4f W. E. BLISS, Toledo, O.

IMPROVED PUMP SYRINGE—1871

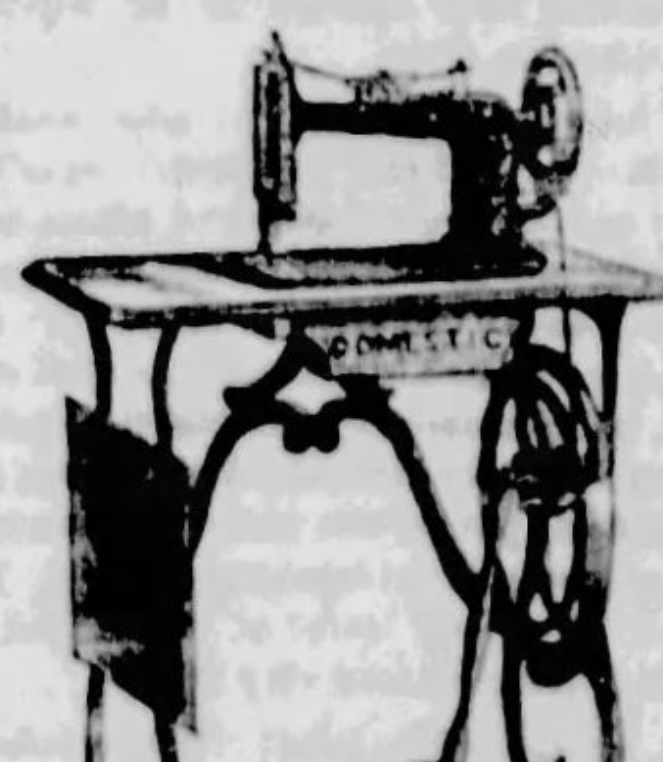
A very efficient, light, portable, Force Pump Fire Extinguisher, and Plant Syringe; adapted to House, Store Stable, Garden and Greenhouse uses. Excellent for VETERINARY purposes. Sizes, styles and prices to suit customers. Discount to Clubs and Agents. Send for Circulars.
N. PAGE, JR., Danvers, Mass.
feb2weow3t 65

THE Unfortunate and Afflicted
MAN OR WOMAN
speedily cured of any disease, at the Western Medical Institute, 137 Sycamore street, Cincinnati, Ohio. *No Charge until Cured.* Young men restored to manly vigor, by our sure and only remedy. All needing aid of a private or delicate nature, should call or send stamp for confidential circular, before noticing advertised quacks, their books and humbug medicines.

The MUSEUM of this Institute exhibits all parts of the *human body* in health and disease.

Patients boarded. Monthly Remedy by mail, $5 00. oct21eow26t 69

THE DOMESTIC
Noiseless, Lock-Stitch
Sewing Machine!



for simplicity of its construction its perfect mechanism, ease of movement, its great range of work, challenges the world to its equal for family use or for manufacturing.

Agents Wanted in all counties where one is not already appointed. For Circulars, samples of its work, address
Domestic Sewing Machine Co.,
TOLEDO, O.
feb23f1w-w1mo

Sewing Machine Needles by Mail.

Needles for all Sewing Machines sent by mail free of postage. 3 Needles, 25c. $1 per dozen. Send name of Machine, accompanied by cash, to L. D. MIDDLETON, Ligonier Ind. feb16w4t

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE! That the Grape is the healthiest of fruits! That the Hartford, Concord and Ives will bear well in all sections! and that fine roots of the above and all other reliable varieties of Grapes can be had very cheap at the Keystone Grape Nurseries. Send for circular and be convinced. Address S. J. ALLIS, Keystone Grape Nurseries, North East Pa. feb16w4w

CHEAP GUNS! smooth bore muskets warranted to shoot shot close and kill sixty yards. Price only $2 50. Address J. H. JOHNSTON, Pittsburgh, Pa. feb1w1y

TRIX

The only genuine perfume for the breath. Cures Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat. Used by clergymen, and all classes.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—Only 10 Cents. At wholesale by all wholesale druggists in the United States and Canada. TRIX M'F'G CO. Proprietors, Rochester N. Y. feb2w5t

STECK
GEO. STECK & CO.'S
Grand, Square Grand,
Square and Upright
PIANO-FORTES.

Send for testimony circular, giving the voluntary written testimonials of many of the leading artists of the day as to the excellence of the STECK PIANO. Circular and price list mailed free.
ROOT & CADY,
General Northwestern Agents,
67 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS.

INVENTORS who wish to secure Letters Patent should send for New Patent Law Pamphlet. Free. MUNN & CO., Patent Agents, No. 37 Park Row, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

$250 A Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples free. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro Vt. sep15w26t-61

AGENTS WANTED—($225 a Month) by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. sepw26t-73

SOMETHING NEW.—Agents guaranteed $1,000 a year to introduce an article that sells in every house. Address, with stamp, S. GILLILAND, Pittsburgh, Pa. feb16w4t-132

$300 A month and expenses, to good canvassers. Samples free. C. M. Linington, Chicago. Jan5w13w-68

WE WILL PAY

AGENTS a salary of $35 per week, or allow a large commission to sell our new inventions. Address J. W. Frink & Co., Marshall, Mich. feb16w13w-132 (1)

$5 TO $10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN, BOYS and GIRLS who engage in our new business make from $5 to $10 per day in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once. GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$732 IN 31 DAYS

Made by one Agent, selling SILVER'S BROOM. 100,000 in use. Recommended by *Horace Greeley* and *Am. Agriculturist*. One county for each Agent. *Prices Reduced.* C. A. CLEGG & CO., New York or Chicago, Ill. feb23w3t-64

5,000 AGENTS WANTED, MALE and FEMALE. Business entirely new, light and desirable. Pays from $10 to $25 per day. Can be done at home or traveling, and without capital. Particulars and Mammoth Circulars *free*. Address S. R. SHAW, 737 Broadway, New York. feb28w4t-862

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A Salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER, & CO., Marshall, Mich. feb23w26t-132

Free to Book Agents!

A POCKET PROSPECTUS of our Illustrated Family Bible, which contains Bible History, Dictionary, Analysis, Harmony, History of Religions, and over 100 illustrations, sent FREE on application. H. NATT & CO., Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio. feb16w4t

FARMERS MECHANICS & WORKERS

Can make $50 to $150 per month with our Books, Maps Pictures & Chromos. ☞ 50 Pages (by mail) FREE. Address GOODSPEED'S EMPIRE BOOK & MAP HOUSE, Chicago. Jan19w12t

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides,) and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep29w6t-73

$150 A MONTH! EMPLOYMENT! EXTRA INDUCEMENTS!

A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low priced, licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo. Jan19w1v-64

WANTED.

IN Every County in Ohio, Reliable and Energetic Agents, to Sell, by Subscription, a
Life of General Robert E. Lee!
BY J. ESTEN COOKE.

Good Territory assigned and liberal commissions given. For full particulars, address
D. APPLETON & CO.,
Room 9, 268 Superior St., Cleveland, O.
feb 9-w4t (2)

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell
LIFE IN UTAH
OR, THE MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM.

By J. H. BEADLE, Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter, being an Expose of their Secret Rites, Ceremonies and Crimes, with a full and authentic history of Polygamy and the Mormon Sect. Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, one reports 203 subscribers in four days, another 71 in two days. Send for Circulars. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Cincinnati, O. feb16weow13t-46

AGENTS WANTED. To sell our New Book,
GREAT FORTUNES
And How They Were Made:
OR, THE STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF OUR SELF MADE MEN. By J. D. McCABE, Jr.—The most taking, instructive, and universally sought-after book issued for years. Sells fast and easily, and delivers splendidly. Agents are clearing from $80 to $200 per month, in spite of hard times. Send for Circular, etc., and notice extra terms. E. HANNAFORD & CO., FIRST CLASS Subscription Publishers. Cincinnati, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill. feb16w4t-46

Our Father's House; or, the UN-WRITTEN WORD By Dr. MARCH.

Shows us untold riches and beauties in the Great House, with its Blooming flowers, Singing birds, Waving palms, Rolling clouds, Beautiful bow, Sacred mountains, Delightful rivers, Mighty oceans, Thundering voices, Blazing heavens and vast universe with countless beings in millions of worlds, and reads to us in each the Unwritten Word. Rose-tinted paper, ornate engravings and superb binding. Intelligent men and women wanted to introduce the work in every township and village. Light business. Good pay. Send for circular, description, endorsements and terms to agents. ZEIGLER, McCURDY & CO.,
au20-w1y 139 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET Organs

A Further Reduction in Prices, November 1870.

New Styles, $50 to $1,000 Each.

Recommended by 1,000 musicians as unequaled. Uniformly awarded first medals. New illustrated catalogue free. Depot for the Northwest,
ROOT & CADY,
67 Washington st., Chicago, Ills.

THEA NECTAR IS A PURE BLACK TEA! WITH THE GREEN TEA FLAVOR

Warranted to Suit all Tastes
Jan19w6m-74

Syracuse Medical Dispensary.
Established by Dr. Goff in 1850

A cure guaranteed in all Private and Female Diseases. Also Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, &c., without the use of Mineral Poisons, in a shorter time and a less price than any other institution of the kind. Consultation free. Medicine securely sent by mail or express.

Just published. Two books in one, on the nature and radical cure of the above disease—also matters of vital importance to the married or those contemplating marriage. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, or apply to
DR. A. C. GOFF & CO.,
No. 3 Burnside Block, Syracuse, N. Y.
Dr. Goff is the only Physician in Syracuse who [illegible]

A Book for the Million.
MARRIAGE GUIDE.

A Private Counselor to the Married or those about to marry, [illegible]

CALVIN CARR, President.
S. D. McMILLAN, Vice-President.
M. M. MURPHY, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE
WOOD & METALLIC FAUCET CO.,
(Wood and Metal Combined.)
Factory and Office
No. 26 Merwin Street,
(Gordon & McMillan's Block,)
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Harmlessness and Purity of Wood with the Strength and Durability of White Non-corrosive Metal.

(Patented May 25, and Re-issued June 28th, 1870.)

The attention of the public is called to the advantages of this patent:

First—The composition of metal used in the manufacture of these Faucets effectually resists the chemical action of acids, and is non-corrosive.

Second—The liquid comes in contact with the wood only. The wood and whitemetal combined renders their strength and durability equal to Metal Faucets, with the purity and harmlessness of wood.

Third—The weak points of an all-wood faucet being protected by Non-corrosive metal, makes the wear and tear equal to all metal faucets.

Fourth—The perfect and durable spigot, composed of metal and wood, with bushing or lining made of such material as prevents leakage and makes a Perfect Seat.

This [illegible] Faucet is kept by all the WHOLESA[illegible] HARDWARE DEALERS IN THE CITY

And ordered largely and for sale by the following well known houses abroad:

HAMILTON & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Russell Erwin, Manufacturing Co., New York
Russel Erwin Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia, Pa
Sidney Shepard & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Miles Greenwood & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Kimble, Aikman & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
William Blair & Co., Chicago, Ill.
John Nazro & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Warren Cheaver & Co., St. Louis.
Jan 19-d2ew2w&weow4t

Light on Freemasonry,
BY ELDER D. BARNARD,
To which is appended
A REVELATION OF THE MYSTERIES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP,
By a Member of the Craft.

The whole containing over five hundred pages, lately revised and republished. Will be sent post-paid, to any address on receipt of retail price—$2 00. A liberal discount allowed to the trade. Address
REV. W. SHUEY,
Telescope Office, Dayton, Ohio.
feb23w2t

$500 Free! Cash Premiums to all Clubs in our ONE DOLLAR SALE. Better goods, greater commissions, and more for one dollar than ever before! AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Send for new circulars with full particulars. FARR & CO., 98 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. feb16w4t-180

SCENES BEYOND THE GRAVE.
Twenty Thousand Copies Sold.

JUST PUBLISHED—The TWENTY FIRST edition of this popular work. We are the sole publishers and agents of this book, and would call the attention of the public and the trade to its re appearance.

Single copies sent to any address on the receipt of One Dollar.

Orders should be sent promptly to W. J. SHUEY, Dayton, Ohio. feb23w4t

PORTABLE MORTISING MACHINE

For framing. One man can make more perfect mortises in a given time, than three men by the old method. Send for description. B. H. WEST 3 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. feb23w13t 73

EXCELSIOR
FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Employment for All.

$30 SALARY PER WEEK, and expenses to sell our new and useful discoveries. Address B. SWEET & CO., Marshall, Mich. jan12w13t

[ESTABLISHED IN 1830.]
WELCH & GRIFFITHS
Saws! Saws! Saws!
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
Axes, Files, Cast Steel, Mill Furnishing, and Machinery.
☞ Get the best, they will prove the cheapest. Prices reduced. Send for Price List and Circular.
WELCH & GRIFFITHS',
Boston, Mass., or Detroit, Mich.
d-c1d-tw&w1yr-73

1826 USE THE "VEGETABLE" Pulmonary Balsam, 1870
The old standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption. "*Nothing better.*" CUTLER BROS. & Co., Boston. nov10w24t-73

FIRE-PROOF
GRAIN ELEVATOR

The Fire-Proof Grain Elevator of the
PHILADELPHIA
GRAIN WAREHOUSING & DRYING CO.,
with a STORAGE CAPACITY of
500,000 BUSHELS,
at the foot of Washington Street, on the Delaware River, the eastern terminus of the Penn. Rail Road offers superior facilities for the reception, storage and shipment of Grain.

Liberal advances made on Grain stored in the Elevator, by Philadelphia Commission Merchants, a list of whom will be furnished on application to
JOHN O. FOERING, Sup't.,
Philadelphia Grain Warehousing and Drying Company, Philadelphia. dec1w13t 67

CARBOLIC SALVE.

The important discovery of the CARBOLIC ACID as a CLEANSING, PURIFYING, and HEALING Agent is one of the most remarkable results of modern medical research. During the late civil war it was extensively used in the Hospitals, and was found to be not only a thorough disinfectant, but also the most wonderful and speedy HEALING REMEDY ever known.

It is now presented in a scientific combination with other soothing and healing agencies, in the form of a SALVE; and, having been already used in numberless cases with most satisfactory and beneficial results, we have no hesitation in offering it to the public as the most certain, rapid, and effectual remedy for all Sores and Ulcers, no matter of how long standing, for Burns, Cuts, Wounds, and every ABRASION of SKIN or FLESH, and for Skin diseases generally.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents.

JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Prop'r,
No. 8 COLLEGE PLACE New York.

DOCTOR WHITTIER,
617 St. Charles Street.

[illegible]

Religious Reading.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee.
Their white locks bowing to the sand
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer!
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sounds of pain;
The thunder organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

◆

If you want the confidence of others, the sure way to secure it, is to have the love of God warming your heart and shining in your life.

The lawless are those who wrest the Scriptures to make them countenance their lusts, their exorbitant exactions, and lawless practices.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

If God withdraws not his spiritual blessings, his grace, his patience; if I can call my suffering his doing, my passion his action—all this that is temporal is but a caterpillar got into one corner of my garden, but a mildew fallen upon one acre of my corn—the body of all, the substance of all, is safe as long as the soul is safe.

Few are pardoned, because they do not feel and confess their sins; and few are sanctified or cleansed from all sin, because they do not feel and confess their own sore, and the plague of their hearts.

To endure present evils with patience, and wait for expected good with long suffering, is equally the part of the Christian and the hero. Those evils would break a proud man's heart that would not break a humble Christian's sleep.

The mere lapse of years is not life.—Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

Though we are to prize and improve and make use of our understanding, we are not to lean to it.

Parables were devised and used for a double purpose, and, which is more strange, even for an opposite purpose.—For parables serve as a cloak and covering; and they moreover serve as a light and illustration.

That man is a bad preacher in the pulpit who is not a good preacher out of it; and no man in the world has a right to stand up for God if God has not adorned him with personal holiness. We should preach by what we are as well as by what we say.

"Speak smooth things unto us," is the cry of age, and many religious teachers readily adapt their teaching to the "refined age" in which they live. The old Bible faith, that separates men from the world, renouncing its pleasures, honors and treasure for the "reproach of Christ;" cutting off right hands and plucking out right eyes for Jesus' sake, seems too rough for these days of improvement.

St. Chrysostom, suffering under the Empress Eudoxia, tells his friend Cyriacus, how he armed himself beforehand. "I thought," said he, "will she banish me? 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' Take away my goods? 'Naked came I into the world, and naked must I return.' Will she stone me? I remember Stephen. Behead me? John the Baptist came into my mind."

Sickness takes us aside and sets us alone with God. We are taken into His private chamber, and there He converses with us face to face. The world is afar off, our relish for it is gone, and we are alone with God. Many are the words of grace and truth which He then speaks to us. All our former props are struck away, and now we must lean on God alone. The things of earth are felt to be vanity; man's help useless. Man's sympathy deserts us; we are cast wholly upon God, that we may learn that His praise and His sympathy are enough. "If it were not for pain," says one, "I should spend less time with God. If I had not been kept awake with pain, I should have lost one of the sweetest experiences I ever had in my life. The disorder of my body is the very help I want from God; if it does its work before it lays me in the dust, it will raise me up in heaven."

The life of a Christian is a growth; he is at first born of God, and is a little child; becomes a young man, and a father in Christ. Every father was once an infant; and had he not grown, he would have never been a man. Those who content themselves with the grace they received when converted to God, are, at best, in a continual state of infancy; but we find, in the order of nature, that the infant that does not grow, and grow daily, too, is sickly and soon dies; so, in the order of grace, those who do not grow up unto Jesus Christ are sickly, and will soon die, die to all sense and influence of heavenly things.

When you see the refiner cast his gold into the furnace, do you think he is angry with it, and means to cast it away? No, he only watches that none of it shall be lost, and when the dross is properly severed he takes the gold out. So the Lord acts towards his people, according to the promises in his Word. We may make use of another simile respecting the trouble of saints; the world is a sea of glass; affliction scatters our path with sand, ashes and gravel, which keep our feet from sliding. The earth must be ploughed, harrowed and weeded, as well as sown, to produce anything; it must also endure many heavy rains, frosty nights and scorching suns, before it becomes fruitful; and while it continues so in like manner a real Christian must expect, all through his life upon earth troubles, sorrows and temptations.

Some are afraid of religion because they suppose they shall lose all their earthly mammon while they are seeking heavenly manna. They think that piety is the greatest enemy to prosperity. Could they but reap profit by praying they would be found more at prayer. Ignorant worldlings look upon gain as their greatest godliness, and not on godliness as their greatest gain. But a golden plaster is a poor application for a wounded conscience. When the worm of eternity is gnawing at the root of religious performances all the formalist's blooming hope will fade and die away at last.

LOVE.—At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life, there cannot be the slightest doubt. For see what it will conquer! It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness, and familiarity. When you are with the person loved, you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test, the only sure and abiding test of love.

With the person you do not love, you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them, and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "What shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love, the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of the heavenly bodies to one another, which in their silent revolutions, loose none of their attractive power. The sun does not talk to the world but it attracts it.—*Arthur Helps.*

BE GENTLE.—If you cannot relieve, do not grieve the poor. Give them soft words, if nothing else. Put yourself in the place of every poor man, and deal with him as you would God should deal with you.—*John Wesley.*

HOLD ON.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.—A poor woman had a supply of coals laid at her door by a charitable neighbor. A very little girl came out with a fire-shovel and began to take a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. I said: "Do you expect to get all that coal in with your little shovel?" She was quite confused with my question, but her answer was striking. "Yes, sir, If I work long enough." Humble worker, make up for your want of ability by abundant continuance in well-doing, and your life-work will not be trivial. The repetition of small efforts will effect more than the occasional use of great talents.—*Spurgeon.*

When a man prays he ought to feel that everything depends upon God—that God has all to do, and he nothing. This will give his prayer purpose, grip, and importunity. And when he undertakes a work, he ought to exercise himself with such zeal and devotion as if everything depended on him. Thus does he make his faith practical, and give God and all divine and eternal agencies free course to help into achievement and result.

◆

The Lamp Without Oil.

While spending a week lately in the society of a great number of faithful pastors from the Canton of Vaud, one of them, at a public meeting, related to us the recent conversion of a lady in his parish. She was one of those who lived only for this world; the thought of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful. One night while alone in the room, she saw the lamp which lighted it suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud—thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark—"There is no oil in my lamp." The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five foolish virgins who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the Bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that word of God remained in her soul, as an arrow remains in the side of a stag who flies far away from the hunters. It flies far away from the hunters. It recurred to her constantly: "No, I have no oil in my lamp! My God, what will become of me? I have not thy grace in my heart!" She was filled with fear; then she began to pray and continued in prayer until God answered her favorably, and gave her his peace through the Holy Spirit, and now she is happy and full of zeal. Like Enoch, she walks with God; and we trust that, like him, she will continue to do so to the end.—*From the French of L. Gaussen.*

◆

The Lord's Day.

"*I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.*" REV. i. 10.—The Lord has given us six days to employ for ourselves, and He claims the seventh for Himself. He has a right to the whole, but He only bids us set apart one day in the seven. The day He has chosen under the present dispensation, is the first of the week; the day on which Jesus arose from the dead, and viewed His finished work with satisfaction and delight. On the day before, there was a dead Christ and a dead Sabbath; but now Christ is risen, and the first day is set apart for his praise. On this day the Holy Spirit descended, for the day of Penticost was the first day of the week; now the church received the fulness of the Spirit, and He became the witness, the seal, and confirmation of the work and mission of Jesus. On this day the deciples met together to break bread, and attend to all the other ordinances which Jesus had appointed; and still the saints met to worship and rejoice.

Its title is "THE LORD'S DAY." It is devoted to Him by His people; on this day they rest from labor, meditate on His perfect work, meet in His house, join in prayer and praise, listen to the preaching of His word, and unite to further His cause. He entirely approves of their devoting the day to Him, and He meets with them, manifests Himself to them and blesses them as their circumstances may require. This day is hated by Satan above all the days of the week, because on this day his kingdom is weakened, his devices are exposed, and Jesus is glorified. Too many abuse this day, and spend it in idleness, gluttony, worldly pleasure, and various other sins; and even many professors are not sufficiently concerned to consecrate it wholly to the service of God. It should be marked by seriousness, by prayerfulness, by reading and meditating on God's holy word, by regular and early attendance on the means of grace, and by obedience to the Savior's various commands. The great object of the day is to glorify Jesus, to exalt and extol Him, "to show forth the honor of His name, and to make His praise glorious;" and in so doing the believer must be benefited and blessed.

◆

Come Home to Roost

Donn Piatt and M. Halstead delight in ridiculing the country editors. For a while these worthies had things their own way, but of late the country press has held the best cards, and plaid them for all they are worth. Donn undertook to make fun at the expense of friend Campbell, of the Bellefontaine *Republican*, whose initials are J. Q. A., by calling him "John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Andrew Jackson Campbell." In reply Mr. Campbell quotes from an article Donn wrote some time before, in which the *Commercial* correspondent said: "To get hold of a name, and distort it—to shake and worry it as a pup would an old boot, is to-day the same indication of a mean, poverty-stricken intellect as it was then." If Donn is sharp he will let Campbell alone hereafter. For that matter, neither Donn nor his pal, Halstead, carry guns enough to cope with any of the country editors of Ohio.—*Sandusky Register.*

To Correspondents.

Almost every mail brings us clubs that were started and worked up by means of a few words of recommendation spoken by some friend of the BLADE who had taken it long enough to know just the kind of paper it is. There is a splendid field for others to do the same thing. There are yet thousands of families that would be happier and better for the weekly visits of the BLADE, and we want to send it to all such families. There is not a single person at present a subscriber, who has not influence enough with one or more friends to induce them to subscribe. We would respectfully ask them to use that influence in our favor. *They* will never regret it, and their friends will thank them for it—and so will we. Our aim in the management of the BLADE is to make it an authority, and a power for good in the land. To accomplish this, we endeavor constantly to make it the most thorough, the most candid, the most enterprising, the most independent and the most readable family newspaper published in this country, and we ask the assistance of every one of its present readers in extending its circulation. *They* can do a work in this direction that nobody else can do, for they know just what the paper is.

THOMAS NAZWORTHY, Dunn, Ill., writes as follows:—"You will find enclosed two precious stones, if not diamonds. Will you please give them your attention, as we thought you would have a good chance to have them tested in your city. We have on hand quite a number of them, and would be glad if you would give us some information about them."—We referred them to a competent gentleman to examine, and he pronounces them worth about two cents per bushel. Perhaps we ought to add that they are not diamonds.

S. S. N., Pella, Iowa.—On the 13th of December last, an amendment to the soldiers' homestead act was passed by the House of Representatives providing that section twenty five of said act be so amended that all soldiers, seamen, marines, officers, or other persons who were included within the provisions of said section, and had settled upon homestead or pre-emption claims prior to the passage of said act, shall be permitted to take of any government lands adjoining their homestead or pre-emption claims an amount sufficient to make one quarter section, in accordance with the terms and conditions prescribed by said section. This amendment was read twice in the Senate and referred to the Committee on Public Lands, and since then, we have seen no further account of it. We think there is no doubt of the passage of this act or something equivalent to it.

A READER at Stackport, Ohio, writes:—"I see in your answers to correspondents that NASBY has had a call to take charge of a church, but declines because there are more churches than groceries. Now you just send him to our town. We have three groceries and one drug store, (all sell whiskey,) and but one church and one old school house, and one fine new one building, but no school this winter. We will promise to pay him any wages he asks, if he will come, and give him all the whiskey he can drink as soon as navigation is open."—This offer is rather a liberal one, but the Parson says he is a little afraid of that new school house. It looks as if things had commenced changing for the worse in your community. He thinks you have indulged in a most reckless piece of extravagance in spending so much money on "a fine new school house," and there is danger that this may soon be followed by a nice new church. He will watch the progress of events at your place with some interest, but as he is at present pretty comfortable at his old Kentucky home, he will not change until he is sure of a place where his declining years will not be disturbed by the building of new school houses and churches and other "ablishun institushuns." So he will not go to Stackport at present.

ELI W. CLARK, Little Falls, N. Y.—To get a traveling agency of any kind, call on or correspond with those who advertise for agents. But be very careful that you are not taken in by some sharper. Keep your eyes open and be sure you are all right before you go in.

JOHN W. HOWARD, Moshannon, Pa.—We will publish the new soldiers' homestead law as soon as it passes Congress, and will also keep our readers fully posted on all matters connected with homestead and other public land matters.

JIM F., Pittsburg, Iowa.—The party you inquire about would not venture to sell those Cherokee neutral lands unless he had a good title to them, but the government does not take lands from settlers upon which they have commenced improvements without first giving them a fair chance to secure their claims, either by homestead or paying for them. We think it would not be advisable for settlers upon these or any other lands to go on making improvements, without being sure their title is good.

SOLDIER, Bainbridge, Ohio.—None but re-enlisted veteran volunteers of Ohio organizations, are entitled to medals, and they have nearly all received them. Those who have not can get them by sending their address to the Adjutant General, Columbus, Ohio.

WM. H. SIMMONS, Kinzua, Pa., asks what is meant by the so-called $8⅓ per month equalization law, and a large number of others have asked substantially the same question. We have not a copy of the bill at hand, and cannot, therefore, give a full synopsis of it, but can state in brief that it proposes to give every honorably discharged soldier $8⅓ per month additional pay for the whole time served, deducting all government bounties received. We do not know the present status of the bill, but do not think it is being pressed very much.

SOLDIER, Green Co., Pa., asks:—"Please inform me through your answers to correspondents, whether I can get some one to settle on my 160 acres for one year, providing I cannot go for that time, and be allowed the time he stays on it."—No, you must settle on it yourself, but the new law will probably allow you one year—instead of six months as at present—to commence improvements.

J. M. LEACH, Monona, Iowa, states the following case:—"In September 1865, F. M. Conwell visited various regiments in the army, and for the sum of $20 located homesteads in Minnesota for both officers and soldiers. I was one of the number, but on muster out (Jan. 31st, 1866) I failed to go to Minnesota, in fact, done nothing in the matter; simply lost $20. Mr. Conwell had sent me a receipt reading as follows

RECEIVER'S OFFICE,
ST. CLOUD, MINN., Nov. 1, 1865.
[Application No. 2056.]

Receipt No. 2065:—

Record of John M. Leach, the sum of fourteen dollars, being the amount of fee and one half the compensation of Register and Receiver for the entry of N. W. ¼ of section 33, township 128 of range 34 under act of Congress approved May 20, 1862. Signed, W. R. MITCHELL, Receiver.

Have I, by this transaction lost my right to a homestead?"—As no person is entitled to more than one homestead privilege, if the entry was actually made in your name, and you failed to improve it, you have lost your right to a homestead.

A. L. LANIER, Watsontown, Pa.—Yes, a soldier has the privilege of taking a homestead of 160 acres of land outside the limits of land grant railroads—so has anybody else who has never taken a homestead.

CO. M, 7TH IND. VOL. CAV.—From your statement of the case we do not think you will have any difficulty in proving up your claim and getting a title to your homestead. You left it only temporarily, always with the intention of returning and did return, and practically considered it all the time your home.

THAD. S. G., Rouseville, P.—You can get from the Librarian of Congress a list of all copy righted books pertaining to the "late unpleasantness," by paying the expense of copying titles, publishers' names and addresses, &c. Such a collection of books would be valuable, and would grow more so every year. Any information you want in regard to Agricultural College Land Scrip you can get by addressing the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

RUBICON, Henderson, Ky.—To get a play copyrighted send a printed copy of its title, with one dollar to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

B. A. F., Johnstown, Ill.—We have published during the past two months several methods, recommended as cures, for stammering.

ASA STONEBRAKER, Grand Rapids, Ohio, asks:—"In your answers to correspondents will you please inform me why are nails called 4-penny, 6-penny, 10-penny, and so on?"—The term penny, when used to mark the size of nails, is supposed to be a corruption of pound. Thus a 4-penny nail was such that one thousand of them weighed 4 pounds, 10-penny such that one thousand weighed 10 pounds, and so on. Originally, the "hundred" when applied to nails was six score, or 120, consequently the thousand was 1200.

A. M. MAYFIELD, Arlington, Mo., writes: "In your answers to correspondents please inform me if I can homestead any more land. I served three years in the U. S. army and I homesteaded 80 acres of land, lived on it nearly two years, then I entered it at one dollar and a quarter an acre, and sold it. Will that debar me from homestead ing any more land?"—It will.

ANSON W. CARR, Welton, Iowa.—If you can establish the fact that any claim agent is engaged in the business of swindling soldiers, the Department at Washington will put a stop to his business.

Z. B. S., Unionville, Ind., asks. "Who first discovered Mexico?"—In the summer of 1518, a Spanish squadron commanded by JUAN DE GRIJALVA, discovered the country. The discovery has been sometimes attributed to HERNANDO CORTES, but this is a mistake, as he did not leave Cuba on his first voyage to Mexico until November, 1518, some months after it was discovered by GRIJALVA.

The same correspondent asks:—"How far is it from Duluth to San Francisco, by way of the Northern Pacific Railroad?"—Our correspondent is probably mistaken about the route of the Northern Pacific Road. It will not run to San Francisco, but to Puget Sound, on the Pacific ocean. The distance from Duluth to Puget Sound is 1,750 miles. This is much the shortest of any of the Pacific Railway lines.

This correspondent also asks:—"Has the United States Government completed paying for Alaska?" Yes, it is what real estate operators would call "a cash purchase," and the treaty with Russia for the transfer of the territory to the United States, and the payment of $7,200 000 in coin, were all executed in full during the year 1867. The 20th of June of that year was the day the transfer and payment were made, but Uncle Sam did not take formal possession of his property until the 9th of October, when Gen. ROUSSEAU, of the United States army arrived at New Archangel, on the island of Sitka, and assumed the Government of the territory in the name of the United States of America.

A FARMER, Wheeling, Mo., inquires if we can inform himself and several other farmers, where they "can borrow money on unexceptionable real estate security, at eight per cent interest, for a term of five years."—A good deal of money is loaned on those terms by eastern men who have it to spare, but we cannot give our correspondent the address of any who want to make such an investment at present. If any of our readers have money to invest on those terms, they may send us their address and we will put them in communication with our correspondent.

J. G. W.; Little Sandusky, Ohio.—We can not undertake to give the names of insolvent Life Insurance companies. It would rather a risky business for anybody to engage in, for he would throw himself liable to heavy damages in case he should get a solvent company in the list. We believe in Life Insurance as much as in Fire Insurance, and in both cases companies should be selected with care and judgement. It is not very difficult for you to ascertain the reliability of the different companies by examining and comparing together their annual reports and other statistics. The company you name stands fair. It is not one of the strongest and wealthiest, but we think it is prudently managed and safe.

S. S., Antwerp, Ohio, writes:—"Will you be kind enough to inform me in your answers to correspondents what the date, and whence the origin, of the English language? Is it the same in Great Britain as in the United States? If so, what makes such a difference in the orthography?" The origin of language is a mystery. Unable to solve the problem, PLATO supposed it to be of Divine inspiration, and the same view has not been uncommon among Christians. Others favor the theory of the natural creation of speech by the innate faculties of man. The records of history give little light on the subject. The English is eminently a composite language; that is, made up of contributions from other languages. It derives its origin from the Celtic, the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon; the Danish, the Norman-French and some others. The Celtic element comes of course from the Celts who were very early inhabitants of Great Britain, and their descendants are still found in Wales and in Cornwall, as well as in Ireland, in the highlands of Scotland, in the Isle of man, and in Brittany in France. The infusion of the Latin element commenced with the invasion of England by JULIUS CÆSAR, 55 B. C., and was increased when AGRICOLA afterward completed the conquest of the country. Roman law and magistracies were everywhere established, and the Christian religion was introduced by those who spoke the Latin language. Still the number of Latin words introduced in the language was comparatively small until 500 years later when the Anglo Saxons bore sway. A large number of Latin words were introduced by monks and learned men, relating to theology and science in general. The Anglo-Saxon element of the language is so large, that whether we consider the number or the sorts of words, it is perhaps less an element than the mother tongue of the English. In the English language there are as many as 23,000 words of Anglo-Saxon origin. Almost four-fifths of the words in actual use are from this source. In fact the Anglo-Saxon imparted so much of itself to the language, that the proximate origin of the English language is to be sought in Germany, and its remote origin is to be sought in central Asia, where was spoken the primitive tongue which may be regarded as the parent of the affiliated Indo European languages, spoken by the successive tribes which migrated westward into Europe. The Danish element, of which there are many hundreds of words, was introduced during the incursions and occupation of England by the Danes. The Anglo-Norman element enters very largely into the composition of the English. This element is composed of the Celtic the Latin and the Scandinavian, and was introduced by the Normans under William the Conqueror. Norman-French was spoken by the superior classes of society in England from the conquest to the time of Edward III. (1327.) In the 13th century, during the progressive mixture of the two races, a literature sprang up in which the two languages were more or less mixed together. In the 14th century the Anglo-Saxon principle seemed to have gained the upper hand. In the 15th century the Anglo-Norman element seemed to be gaining the preponderance, and so the proportions continued to vary until the age of Queen Elizabeth when it became more fixed. Besides the languages already mentioned which have contributed to the English, several others might be mentioned, especially the Greek. Constant changes are going on in the English language by the introduction of new words and the disuse of old ones. "The alteration in our tongue," wrote WILLIAM CAMDEN nearly 300 years ago, "hath been brought about by the entrance of strangers, as Danes, Normans and others who have swarmed hither; by traffic, for new words as well as new works have always come in; by the tyrant Time, which altereth all things under heaven; by use, which swayeth most and hath an absolute command in words." And so it has been ever since CAMDEN'S time. The differences in orthography are due mainly to the tastes of different lexicographers.

CO K, 56th Ills. Vols., asks:—Is a soldier who didn't receive transportation from place of discharge to place of enlistment, entitled to it? I enlisted at Chicago, Ills., October 31, 1861, was discharged at Chattanooga, Tenn., got transportation from there to Louisville, Ky., where I was paid off. Paid my own traveling expenses from there home. I served three years, was discharged Oct. 31st, 1864.—You were entitled to travel pay to place of enrollment, and it was doubtless paid you in money with your final payment at Louisville, Ky.

J. H. BANCOCK, Albany, Wisconsin, inquires:—"Will you have the goodness to inform me through the columns of your valuable paper whether there is any law in existence allowing a pension to the surviving soldiers of the War of 1812? If so, when was the same passed, and what is, or was, the amount of pension? By answering this in the column to correspondents, you will confer a great favor, not only to me, but upon an aged and needy soldier of the War of 1812."—We are happy to inform our correspondent that an act has just passed both houses of Congress, been signed by the President and is now a law. It grants a pension of eight dollars per month to all surviving officers and enlisted men, including militia and volunteers of the military and naval service who served sixty days and were honorably discharged, and to all who served less than sixty days who have been named in any resolution of Congress for any specific service in said war. Also to the surviving widows of such soldiers provided they were married to such soldiers prior to the treaty of peace which terminated the war, and have not since re-married. In answer to numerous inquiries from our soldier friends for the address of a responsible and reliable agent to collect their claims we will again state that we know T. W. TALLMADGE, of Columbus, Ohio, to be perfectly reliable, and to have facilities for the collection of soldiers claims which are possessed by very few claim agents. Any business entrusted to him we guarantee will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

ASA B. PRIDGE, Clyde, N. Y., and a large number of others who have inquired about pensions for soldiers of the war of 1812, will find the answer above.

HORATIO N. MORGAN, Poultney Vermont.—You have received all the bounty due you under existing laws. No equalization or other bounty laws have been passed since July 28, 1866.

J. B. W., Lamar, Mo., states his case as follows: "I am in need of information and will ask you for it. Am I entitled to the 'three months' pay proper,' given to soldiers at the close of the war? I was an officer up to June 17th, 1865. May 6th, 1865, I tendered my resignation; it was accepted June 17, 1865. If I am entitled to pay, how can I get it, as I have nothing to show when I left the service? I have my commission and muster-in papers. I enlisted at Chicago, Ills., and was discharged while on duty at Vicksburg, Miss. Am I not entitled to transportation from Vicksburg to Chicago." You were entitled to three months' pay proper, and probably received it and have since forgotten the fact. Officers discharged upon tender of resignation are not entitled to travel-pay from place of discharge to place of enrollment. This latter sentence answers a number of questions recently received.

A large number of letters are left over to be answered next week.

☞ Snuff or dust of any kind, and strong, caustic or poisonous solutions aggravate Catarrh and drive in to the lungs. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. Each package prepares one pint of the Remedy ready for use, and costs only fifty cents. Sold by druggists, or send sixty cents to R. V. Pierce, M.D., 138 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., and get it by return mail. Look out for counterfeits and worthless imitations by seeing that it has, upon the outside wrapper, Dr. Pierce's private Stamp, issued by the U. S. Government expressly for stamping his medicines and which bears upon it, his portrait, name and address, and the words "U. S. Certicate of Genuineness."

◆

☞ See advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

◆

....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best. oct27w1y

◆

....THE BEST TONIC.—Casewell & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphated Elixer of Callisaya. oct27w1y

◆

DR. RANSOM'S HIVE SYRUP AND TOLU.—Doctor, I have a terrible cough, and my children are all down sick with coughs, sore throats and colds. What shall we do? Take "Dr. Ransom's Hive Syrup and Tolu, or Honey Syrup," and apply "Dr. Trask's Magnetic Ointment" to the throat and chest, warm. These are excellent family medicines. Full directions are on the bottles. You can get both medicines at any drug store for sixty cents.

◆

A DIALOGUE IN WALL STREET.—It is a vulgar error to suppose that the *habitues* of Wall street converse about nothing but stocks and gold. Sometimes they talk about their health; and they all seem to have one trouble—*biliousness.* The wear and tear of speculation invariably tells upon the liver.

"How do you think I'm looking?" said a well known "Bull" to a friend in the Long Room, a few days after the late smash up in gold; "Do I look panic struck?"

"No; by Jove!" was the reply; you look in trim to fight for a man's life. Never saw you looking better."

"Let me tell you a secret, my boy," returned the great operator: "I drink no wine, no brandy, no bar-room stimulant of any kind; but I just keep my stamina up with an occasional dose of PLANTATION BITTERS; and if you'll do me the favor to try it for that bile on the stomach you're always complaining of, I'll furnish the margin for your next spec. if it doesn't cure you."

The gentleman referred to (the initial of whose Christian name is not very far from the end of the alphabet) has unbounded confidence in the restorative; and his bright eye, firm nerve and wonderful powers of endurance, prove that it is well founded.

◆

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, Creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.
mar2w1tdeod1w

◆

Medical knowledge for everybody, 250,000 copies sold in two years.

A Book for every Man.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF PRESERVATION. A Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE IN MAN, NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, HYPOCHONDRIA, and all other diseases arising from the ERRORS OF YOUTH, OR THE INDISCRETIONS OR EXCESSES of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Price only $1.00. 285 pages, bound in cloth.

A Book for every Woman.

Entitled SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN, AND HER DISEASES; or, WOMAN TREATED PHYSIOLOGICALLY AND PATHOLOGICALLY, from INFANCY TO OLD AGE, with elegant ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS. 350 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth. Price $2.00.

A Book for Everybody.

A new book, treating exclusively of NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES. 150 pp. cloth. Price $1.00, or SENT FREE on receipt of $3.00 for the other two books, postage paid.

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, or Dr. W. H. Parker, who is the Business Agent and Medical Assistant of the author.

N. B. The author of the above named books, or Dr. Parker, may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience
dec15wdmos 65

The Markets.

TOLEDO PRODUCE MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE
TUESDAY MORNING, Feb. 28, 1871.

Flour—The market has ruled very quiet for a week past, not sufficient Flour changing hands to establish quotations. Our quotations are, therefore, mainly nominal. Fine $4@4 25, Superfine $5 50@5 75, extra $6@6 25, XX and fancy brands $6 50@$7. Rye Flour $5.

Wheat—There has been a fair movement in this grain, the receipts for the week aggregating 45,000 bush.; the receipts since January 1st are 318,700 bushels, an excess of about 150,000 bushels on those for the corresponding period in 1870. The market for Amber Michigan Wheat has ruled fairly active during the week with considerable fluctuation in price, while other grades have ruled dull, with very little more changing hands than was sufficient to indicate reliable quotations. The lower grades of Wheat have been inactive. The market closed yesterday with prices of leading grades about 4c higher than one week since, and firm. We quote: Amber Michigan 140½c spot and 146½c seller March; No. 1 White Michigan 150c; No. 2 D. & M. White 150c; No. 1 Red 140c spot and 142½c seller March; No. 2 Red, 135c.

Corn—The arrivals of this grain have steadily increased for several weeks past, and there are indications that the movement will be very large as the season of navigation approaches. The receipts last week were 83,785 bushels, and since Jan. 1st, 586,000 bushels—nearly 100,000 bushels more than in 1870. The market for a week past has been rather quiet, yet a fair business has been transacted. High-mixed, especially, has ruled quiet, the views of holders restricting transactions to a considerable extent. Low-mixed has been the favorite, and a fair business was transacted nearly every day. Prices are a shade better than was reported one week ago, and the market may be quoted firm at 58½c for High-mixed, 58c for Low-mixed, 56c for No Grade and 59½c for Yellow.

Oats—The movement in this grain continues unusually large, the receipts for the week amounting to 41,700, and since January 1st, to 176,783 bu. There has been a fair demand for the grain without marked change in prices. The advance is about 1c, the market ruling quiet and firm at our quotations, 52c for No. 1, 50½c for No. 2 and 51½c for Michigan. The demand for the past week has been largely confined to the latter grade.

Clover Seed—The reason for active dealing in this Seed has nearly reached its close. During the past week trading has been rather quiet, and with a somewhat meagre demand prices have ruled steady. Once an advance of 2c was obtained, but it was not long maintained, and the quotation fell back to $6 25, and the market last week closed dull at that price.

Timothy Seed—There is no change to note, and but little can be said concerning the market. It is some days since a transaction of any importance occurred; the latest quoted price was $5.95.

Dressed Hogs—A decline of about 50c has transpired within the week, and the market is dull at the decline. For more than a week past the receipts have been light, so much so that shippers retired from the market several days since. Sales are confined to small lots to packers, who get heavy hogs at $8.

Mess Pork—The market is quiet and steady at last weeks quotations. There is very little doing, but packers are very firm in their views at $22 50@$23 for heavy city-packed Mess and $21@$22 for light.

Lard—Quiet and steady, the market being characterized by considerable firmness at our quotations: Kettle rendered 13c; steam 12@12½c; country lard 11½@12c.

Potatoes—Market firm and quiet; we quote favorite varieties at the range of $1@1 05.

Butter—Dull and 2c@3c lower; no demand except for strictly fresh Roll, which is quoted at 20@22c.

Beans—This article has been in good demand and a portion of the time the market has ruled quite active. We quote $1 25@1 75 as the range per quality.

Poultry—With a good demand and only fair supply. The market continues firm at previous prices. Turkeys dressed 15@16c; chickens 12½@13c.

Eggs—Fresh are in good demand at 18@20c. There is no market for limed.

◆

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1871.

Cotton dull and a shade lower; middling uplands 15⅛c. Flour—receipts 8,000 bbls; market in fair demand and higher; superfine western and state, at $6 00@6 25; common to good extra, $6 70@6 95; good to choice $6 95@7 35; white western extra, $7 35@7 75; Ohio, $6 90@7 50; St. Louis, $6 90@$8 75. Rye Flour $4 75@6 25. Corn meal quiet. Whiskey firmer at 92@92½c. Wheat opened dull but closed active; receipts 6 000 bu; new spring 156@157c; red and amber, 163@165c; mixed 150c; old winter Ohio 156c. Rye quiet and unchanged. Barley buoyant but unsettled; Canada West 115@117. Malt steady. Corn firm; receipts, 40,000 bu; mixed western 84½@85½c; yellow 85@86½c. Oats firm; receipts 12,000 bu west rn and Ohio at 66@70c; old western 60½c. Hay 120c per cwt for shipping; 125@150c per cwt at retail. Hops steady. Coffee firm; Rio 13½@17c. Sugar dull; Cuba 9@9½c. Molasses firm; New Orleans 55@68c. Rice firm at 8@8½c. Petroleum—Crude 14½c; refined 24½c. Total stock of grain in warehouse—Wheat 1 982 000 bu; corn, 268,000 bu; oats 1,335,000 bu; rye 150,000 bu; barley 403 000 bu; malt 249,000 bu; peas 5 000 bu. Provisions—Mess pork, new $24 25; old $21 50@21 75; prime $19; prime mess new $21 50; seller March to April $22 35@22 50. Beef steady; plain mess 10@15c; extra 15@17½c; hams 30@32c. Tierce beef, prime mess 26@28c; India mess 30@32c. Cut meats dull; hams 13½@15c; shoulders 8½@9½c. Middles dull. Lard firmer; prime steam 12½@13½c; kettle dried 13½@13½c; March to May, 13½@13¾c. Butter steady at 16@25c for western and 30@42c for State. Cheese steady at 12@16½c.

LATEST.

Flour steady at $6 70@6 95 for shipping grades. Oats, 66½@70c for mixed. Corn, 84@85c. Prime mess beef tierces 27@28c. Eggs dull at 27@29c for fresh. Others unchanged.

Government Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.

6s of '81	114¾	20s of '67	111⅝
20s of '62 reg	112⅛	20s of '68	111⅜
20s of '64	112	10-40s	111⅞
20s of '65	112	10-40s, currency	113⅜
20s of '65 new	111	Gold	111⅛

Cincinnati Market.

February 27, 1871.

Cotton quiet; Midling Uplands 14¼@14½. Flour active and higher; Extra $6 25@6 40; Family $6 50@6 75 asked. Wheat buoyant but unsettled at $1 36@1 38. Corn steady at 55c. Rye, Oats and Barley quiet and unchanged. Coffee in good demand at full prices. Sugar ditto. Molasses steady. Oils quiet and unchanged. Eggs firm at 20@21c. Butter scarce and firm at 26@30c. Clover Seed steady at 10½@11c. Timothy Seed quiet at $6 25@6 50. Pork full prices asked, but no demand at $22. Lard stocks withdrawn, anticipating higher prices. Bulk Meats quiet; sales of 200 000 lbs shoulders at 7¾c at Louisville, buyer first half, 8c at Ripley cash. Bacon in light demand but firm; shoulders 9½c; sides 11½@11¾c; small sales generally held at ½@¾c higher. Tobacco steady. Whiskey buoyant but unsettled. 86c asked.

Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.

Flour quiet and firm. Wheat active and higher and closed firm; No 5 spring 1 6c cash, and seller March 157½c seller April; this afternoon unsettled at 125½@125⅞. Corn firm at ½@¾c higher; closed at 51@51½; No. 2 mixed. This p m dull 50½@51c. Oats more active; closed firm; No, 49c. Rye dull; No. 2 89@90c. Barley dull; No. 2 Spring 78c. Highwines firm at ½c higher; 85½c iron bound. Provisions speculatively active; opened firm; closed tame. Mess Pork; $21 75@$21 80 cash; $22@22 12½ seller April. Lard steady at 12½@12⅝c cash.

St. Louis Market.

Feb. 27, 1871.

Cotton dull at 14c. Flour steady; superfine winter $5 75@5 80; X do $6@6 15; XX do $6 25@6 65. Wheat fair demand; ½@3c higher; No. 2 red fall $1 43½; prime white $1 70. Corn easier; mixed on track across the river 47c; do in elevator 49@50. Oats easier; No. 2 51@52. Barley unchanged; No. 1 Spring 99½c. Rye steady at 95@100c. Whiskey steady at 88c. Pork quiet; seller March $22. Bulk Meats only limited jobbing demand at 10½@11c. Bacon limited jobbing demand at 9½@11½@12c. Lard unchanged; 12c for country steam and kettle.

Baltimore Market.

February 27, 1871.

Flour firm. Wheat firm; Pennsylvania 155@160c; other grades are unchanged. Corn steady; yellow southern 78@79c; white 83@84c. Oats 58@59c. Mess Pork $23. Bacon—shoulders 10c; sides 12c; clear sides 12½c. Hams—sugar cured 17½@18c. Lard 13½c. Whiskey steady at 91@92c.

Philadelphia Market.

February 27, 1871.

Flour dull; extras $5 75@6 00; others unchanged. Wheat quiet and unchanged. Rye held at 110c. Corn firm; yellow 78c; mixed 77c. Oats, 63@65c. Petroleum—crude 18½@18⅝c; refined 24½c. Whiskey unchanged.

Cleveland Market.

February 27, 1871.

Wheat dull and inactive but held firmer; No 1 red winter 144c; No 2 do 135@136c. Corn nominal at 61c. Oats better; No 1 State 53c. Petroleum—crude, nothing doing and nominal at $5@5 10; refined dull and unsettled at 23@27½c.

Milwaukee Market.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 27, 1871.

Flour dull and nominal. Wheat opened firm but closed dull; No 2, 125½c; No 1, 128½c. Oats—No 2, 51c. Corn firm; No 2 mixed 56c. Rye nominal; No 1, 77c. Dressed hogs firm at $8 50. Mess Pork firm at $21 25.

Detroit Market.

February 27, 1871.

Flour in light demand but firm. Wheat in fair demand and higher; extra 151@152c; No 1 143c. Corn in good demand at 61c. Clover Seed in good request at $6 20.

Oswego Market.

February 27, 1871.

Flour dull; spring $7 25; amber $7 50. Wheat quiet; No 1 Milwaukee 152c.

Stock Markets

NEW YORK, Feb 27.—Cattle—Total, beeves 5,750, with 3,500 to-day. There were 99 cars at 100th street, 43 at Communipaw and 58 at Weehawken. This is one of the very hardest markets, with nothing but losses. There are many western drovers here with stock because they could not sell out on the way. The decline for the week was more than ½c, and the stock cannot all be taken off. Besides the fresh lots, there are 400 state cattle; most of the sales were at 15@16c; only prime stock brought [illegible] though a few shop butchers paid 14½@15c for tops; fancy in average 12½c, 150 [illegible] 62 cwt. alive, sold at 12c, 56 lbs, [illegible] 75 per cwt. 14@15c, some [illegible] steers sold at 10c. Sheep—total 15,000, with 5,000 to-day. The market is slow for sales but no lower on account there was a car of 84 lbs. Indiana at 7½c; [illegible] Ohio at [illegible] deck, 112 lbs, Canada, at 7c.

Hogs—12 600 live and 9 500 dressed, for the week, with 3,600 live to-day; the market was weak; three cars prime 200 lbs., Illinois, selling alive at 8⅛c or top price; lowest 7 13-16 for stillers; city dressed 9⅜@10c; western 9@9⅝c.

CHICAGO, February 27—Live hogs active at 7@7⅝c; dressed closed dull at $8 40. Cattle very dull.

ST. LOUIS, February 27—Hogs range firm at 6½c to 7½c. Cattle unchanged.

DETROIT, Feb. 27.—Hogs dull at $8@8 25.

1871. NOW 1871.

Is the Time!

DO NOT DELAY!

THE WISEST AND BEST!

Thing any family can do at this time, in securing reading matter

FOR 1871,

Is to order without delay the

Toledo Blade

Recommended by tens of thousand of intelligent readers as

THE BEST Family Newspaper

Published Anywhere,

—AND THE—

AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL

A Monthly Agricultural Paper, devoted to the interests of the Farm, the Garden and the Home, and furnished to subscribers at the low price of 75 cents a year.

TERMS OF THE BLADE:

One Copy, one year $2 00
" " six months 1 00
" " three months 50
Clubs of five ....$1 75 each.
Clubs of ten or more 1 50

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

The BLADE and *Farm Journal* both sent to any address for $2.25 a year.

☞ Send in the orders at once.

MILLER, LOCKE & CO.,
TOLEDO, OHIO

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Scovill's Blood and Liver Sirup.

CUBA, Monroe County, Iowa.

Having seen in the May number of the "Cincinnati Medical Journal," a notice of Scovill's Blood and Liver Sirup, and its effects upon the system, I procured at Chicago a dozen of the medicine to try in a case of Goiter. I have also prescribed it in a case of Enlargement of the heart, of about eighteen months' standing. He had tried every remedy, but kept growing worse. When I commenced prescribing for him, he had two spells every twenty-four hours—one at night and one in the day—when every thing would be a perfect blank before him. He could neither see nor talk, and his circulation would stop. When it commenced again, his heart would throb so that you could see his clothes over it move with quite a jerk, and you could hear his heart beat within him six inches off his breast. He has taken nearly four bottles of it, and now appears as well as he ever was. He has been at work for the last three days.

Yours,
ALEXANDER GASTON, M. D.

march 2-w1t

Burning and Shaking.

By a ridiculous misapplication of language, invalids are sometimes said to "enjoy very poor health," but it is not on record that any human being was ever spoken of as enjoying chills and fever. And yet there are thousands, at this moment, in one or the other of the two stages of the disorder, who might just as well have avoided it as not. If there is anything demonstrable in therapeutics, it is that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an antidote to intermittent fevers. No instance can be cited in which it has been taken, either as a safeguard against this class of diseases or as a remedy for them, and failed to produce the desired effect. The season when malarious fevers are rife, has commenced, and no inhabitant of any district subject to their visitations should be without this great preventive and remedy. Indeed, it is a most potent protection against all the ailments which prevail in the spring months. From marsh and pool, and from all moist soils are now rising the mephitic elements which give birth to fever, indigestion, biliousness, colics, and a whole host of epidemic and other maladies. Aid the system to resist them. Energize and regulate all the animal functions with this reinforcing agent. This precaution is as necessary in cities as in new settlements, for malarious fevers are now almost as common in the great centres of population as on the borders of the southern bayous and marshes and the rich agricultural regions of the west. The preventive and remedy is accessible to all. Who will be unwise enough to brave recklessly the danger it would avert?

march 2-deod1w&w1t

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This superb Hair Dye is the Best in the World. Perfectly Harmless, Reliable and Instantaneous. No disappointment. No Ridiculous Tints, or Unpleasant Odor. The genuine W. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye produces IMMEDIATELY a splendid Black or Natural Brown. Does not Stain the Skin, but leaves the Hair Clean, Soft and Beautiful. The only Safe and Perfect Dye. Sold by all Druggists. Factory 16 Bond Street, New York.
jan3w1y 64

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free. Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Ave., New York. jan19w13t*

Something New.

MEDIKONES—A BOOK (SENT FREE) containing a newly discovered Cure for many diseases without using medicines, of interest to all. Address Drs. WELLS & STELL No. 37, West 21st Street, New York City. jan19w6-36t

A Valuable Gift.

Ninety pages. Dr. S. S. FITCH'S "DOMESTIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN," describes all diseases and their Remedies. Sent by mail, free. Address S. S. Fitch, 714 Broadway, New York.
apr21 w1 y 66

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE

CAUTION.

Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, be particularly careful to see that the initials are B. A. This is the article that has been so

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1829

And purchasers must insist on having it, if they do not wish to have an imitation forced upon them.

Schwartz & Haslett,

(FORMERLY B. A. FAHNESTOCK'SON & CO.) SOLE PROPRIETORS
PITTSBURGH, PA.
may1ly